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WITH SUPPLEMENT:
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK RECEIVING THE FISHWIVES OF NICE, WHO BROUGHT FLOWERS FOR THE QUEEN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. A. FORESTIER.

On March 14, following their annual custom, a group of fishwives, in their picturesque costumes, attended at the Hotel Regina with their offering of flowers.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Some people have no sense of discipline. George Borrow would never meet Dr. Martineau at dinner. It was not because he had carried the Bible through Spain, and had a strong objection to Dr. Martineau's religious views. It was simply because he remembered the schoolmaster who thrashed him soundly when he was a boy, and whose name was James Martineau. His personal dignity could not bear the sight of that disciplinarian. It would be a cold world if we were all to avoid the schoolmasters who have flogged us. Imagine a distinguished statesman, the idol of salons and public meetings, turning pale in the drawing-room before dinner when the servant opens the door and announces "Dr. and Mrs. Birch." Think of him taking the hostess into a corner and hurriedly whispering, "I cannot meet that man. He caned me at school! I feel the weals again as I look at him! If I sit at the same table with him I shall forget that I am the people's clarion and the master of legions. I shall break down in my best story. Would you see an English statesman thus humiliated? Please make my excuses, and good-bye." Would you vote for a man who shrank from the reminder of early discipline like this? I see the playwrights of Vienna have held a meeting and decided to appear no more in front of the curtain. They are afraid to face the Martineaus of the pit: the memory of cat-calls and opprobrious shouts prompts them to this unworthy concealment. I have never stood in front of the curtain, and don't think I should relish it; but what has relish to do with a bracing moral tonic?

Unfortunately, a man's responsibilities are not always plain and straightforward. Last week was "self-denial week" for the Salvation Army. Round the town were posted lasses in queer bonnets, who proffered money-boxes labelled "Self-denial," and smiled as you approached. Of course, I know that the General Staff of the Salvation Army would scorn to choose for duties of this kind the best-looking of their subalterns; and yet it seemed to me that in the thoroughfares which I frequent the lasses with the boxes were exceptionally well favoured. This made self-denial a puzzle. Clearly the wretched worldling was invited to deny himself by dropping into the box the sum which he intended to spend on a snug little dinner, a much coveted old print, or a rare first edition. That was the theory, beautiful in its simplicity, but most difficult in practice. I scrutinised the worldlings who were brought up short by a radiant damsel at a populous corner. They read the inscription on the box, and then they gazed at the charming face above it. Then their fingers sought the coins in their waistcoat-pockets, and then they stood still in sheer bewilderment. In a few minutes there was quite a block, and a massive policeman said, "Pass along, please." The worldlings passed along without paying, every man wearing a chastened air as of one who had been tempted to subscribe and had denied himself the pleasure. For, as every discerning critic must admit, to have dropped money into the box would not have been self-denial at all; it would have been a tribute to a pretty face, and therefore a piece of self-indulgence! I am sure this view of the case has not presented itself to General Booth, and that when he has pondered it, he will take care to post his least winsome collectors at our street-corners.

Truly the minor embarrassments of life have the sharpest sting. I discovered lately among my neglected belongings two old and chaste prints of Taglioni. Thinking they would give a poetical air to the hall, and encourage visitors to strike graceful attitudes on the stairs (prints ought always to be chosen for the liberal education of one's friends), I was taking them to be framed when, near the shop-door, I encountered an old friend, a distinguished ecclesiastic, carrying a blue bag and accompanied by his family. "What are you doing here?" he inquired. "What have you got under your arm?" With Taglioni under my arm I felt a trifle embarrassed in the presence of the Church, and I evaded his question by asking another: "What have you got in your blue bag?" He explained that it contained a surplice and a sermon, that he had been preaching at a weekday service in a royal chapel, that the congregation had consisted of his family and the verger. He said this in a tone which seemed to imply that, had I joined the congregation, it would have been better for my spiritual state. And there I was with two prints of Taglioni, smuggling them into the frame-maker's! There was nothing for it but to suggest, for the sake of moral equilibrium, that he should take Taglioni into the shop, while I held the blue bag. But he was not equal to this form of self-denial, and the humour of it seemed unprepossessing to the family.

Some remarks in this page about the humour of women have prompted a correspondent to send me an example of what he alleges to be his wife's deficiency on this score. He begs me to preserve his anonymity, but expects that I shall tell his story. Suppose I were to take him at his word, and his wife's eye were to light upon the evidence of his perfidy (she would be sure to recognise it), where would be his anonymity then? I respect the peace of your household too much, my friend, to expose it to such a danger. Besides, how could I sleep in my bed if I

thought that the lady might fly to Illinois (where the law of divorce is most accommodating) and emancipate herself from your loving care on the plea that you had denied her sense of humour? I have known divorce in Illinois for less. One lady took advantage of her husband's absence at Seringapatam to charge him with having worn a scarf which was the gift of another woman. Three weeks' notice of actions for divorce has to be given in a local paper; but the post from Illinois to Seringapatam is leisurely, and the husband never knew that his scarf was woven to tragic tissue, like Desdemona's handkerchief, till his wife was a free woman. Now scarves and handkerchiefs are not always the agents of domestic catastrophes. A wife may be as jealous for her sense of humour as another woman would be of the scarf her husband receives from a reckless admirer, and imprudently wears on his birthday. So my correspondent will understand, I hope, that I withhold his interesting narrative from publication lest he should accuse me of having destroyed a loving household. And here I plume myself upon an act of self-denial.

There is another consideration. My correspondent's wife (whose case I am careful not to prejudge) might not fly to Illinois. That, after all, is a crude expedient, unworthy of a subtle intelligence. She might favour me with specimens of her husband's jokes, and solicit my candid opinion. Who wants to try a suit like that? Fancy the feelings of a writer who receives every week a pleasant little missive: "This is what makes my husband laugh. I don't think it funny—do you?" If I allowed myself to be cited on either side, probably the next stage of the affair would be a visit from my correspondent disguised in a false beard and blue glasses, like a French general. Or he might have recourse to an accomplished wig-maker in this town, who is said to transform his clients so effectually that their own mothers would not know them. The lady would certainly discover that her husband had been pleading his cause in person, and, fired with emulation, she would hire a wig and eyebrows, and claim the attention of the court. The court, sitting without a jury, and feeling like a judge out of an operetta, would gallantly declare that no verdict could be given till the fair appellant had disclosed her own eyebrows and hair. This would create bias, and the predicament is undesirable.

Talking of disguises, what can be a more surprising masquerade than that of a Russian Grand Duke as Hamlet? Royalty in most countries is fond of the stage, but merely as a spectator. Elizabeth commanded Shakspere to write "The Merry Wives of Windsor," but had no desire to figure in it. Ludwig of Bavaria liked to have a performance of Wagner all to himself, but never posed as Siegfried or Tristan. The Grand Duke Constantine, however, has translated "Hamlet" into Russian, produced it, and played the chief part. His conception is said to be most original, and the execution to differ from anything histrionic that was ever seen. There is a certain ambiguity in these praises, and nothing can clear it up but the appearance of the Grand Duke Constantine on the London stage. I venture with diffidence into the field of diplomacy; but surely if we are to have that friendly understanding with Russia of which I read so much in the evening papers, the Grand Duke's Hamlet ought to be invited over as envoy extraordinary. The dramatic critics would suspend their function out of regard for a Hamlet who was less an artist than a negotiator, and who was expected to make his exits and his entrances by "the open door." It might even be desirable to depart slightly from the text, and to make the Russian Hamlet say, "I am not mad in Manchuria. I know a free port from Port Arthur." However, these are details which could be arranged in a protocol. The main point is that if the London playgoer could pay his money to see a Slav Hamlet, played by a Grand Duke, there might be a sensible decline of international mistrust.

An ex-Ambassador of the Czar has lately assured us that the dignity of Councillor of the Russian Empire (to which he successfully aspired) is "the highest rung of Jacob's ladder, above which there is only the glory of another world." People differ widely in their estimation of rank and titles. The Grand Duke Constantine may think that the Councillor's opinion of his own worth smacks of Polonius, and the Councillor may think that a Grand Duke who shams madness behind the footlights and plays the regicide, brings royalty into disrepute, and gives a dangerous encouragement to Nihilism. I should like to have seen the face of the Russian Censor at this performance of "Hamlet." Perhaps he stayed away, lest the spectacle of a Romanoff prince making believe to run a poisoned sword through the body of his anointed King should prove too much for the official equanimity. A policeman in Victor Hugo is called upon to arrest a fugitive from justice, and is so divided between his duty and his admiration of the criminal that he cuts the knot of the dilemma by committing suicide. A Russian Censor who beheld a Grand Duke on the stage, apparently threatening the Nihilists with the approval of a distinguished audience, including the Czar, might have found it necessary to evade the duty of arresting everybody by putting an end to himself, like Javert. Yes; I am inclined to think that the Censor stayed away.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Lord Rosebery is in Turkey, having arrived at Constantinople last Sunday, and is the guest of Sir Nicholas O'Conor, the British Ambassador there. It is rumoured that when the Prince of Wales goes to Athens, his Royal Highness will avail himself of an invitation given him by the Sultan to visit the Turkish capital.

A convention has been signed by the British and French Governments, delimiting the respective spheres of influence of the two countries in Africa. Great Britain retains Dahr el Ghazal and Darfur, France keeping Wadai and Baghirmi, and generally the territory east of Lake Chad. France also receives commercial facilities on the Nile and its affluents.

Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P. for Exeter, presided on March 14 at the annual meeting in London of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, at which the prospects of British trade in China, its treaty rights in the Yangtse-Kiang region, and Lord Charles Beresford's expected report on his inquiry mission, were discussed. A resolution was passed congratulating this country and the United States upon their improved mutual relations. The need of improvement in commercial education was affirmed to be urgent for the prosperity of our trade and manufactures. At the dinner next day the American Ambassador and the Lord Chancellor were speakers, and Mr. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade.

The election of an M.P. for North Norfolk has resulted in the choice of Sir W. Brampton Gurdon, K.C.M.G., formerly of the Treasury and private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, with a Liberal majority of 1165 votes against Sir Kenneth Kemp, the Conservative candidate.

Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, is appointed, instead of the late Lord Herschell, to be one of the Arbitrators in Paris of the Venezuela international claims.

The German Emperor on March 16 went to Friedrichsruh, the residence of the late Prince Bismarck, to visit the family and to attend the ceremony of placing the body of that eminent statesman in their private mausoleum. The body of the late Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is about to be removed from Gotha to Coburg, the ancestral capital of the Duchy.

The German Emperor was at Kiel on Monday, when young Prince Waldemar, son of Prince Henry of Prussia, entered the Imperial Navy.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has left Berlin for the Hague, but will be in London this week. He seems to have made a very satisfactory arrangement with the Emperor William for constructing that portion of his projected telegraph and railway line which would run through German East Africa, at a cost of five millions sterling, to be obtained by German bank loans with a German imperial guarantee; but rival German bankers, contending for the financial job, are likely to cause some delay.

Italy has found it expedient to desist from maintaining an attitude towards China which looked too threatening upon the demand of a lease of the port of Sammung. With the amicable mediation of England, this dispute will be explained away.

The Cretan National Assembly, at Canea, has passed the drafts of the new Constitution, and Prince George of Greece is to assume the government in May; but he asks for one battalion of foreign troops, British, Russian, and Italian, to be kept in each, respectively, of the three protected zones, the Candia, Retimo, and Sitia provinces, assigned to each of these foreign Governments in aid of his administration. The King of Greece, on March 16, opened Parliament at Athens with the newly elected Chamber.

Madrid is troubled with a strike of all the cab-drivers, men-servants, and the waiters in that city, which has suffered the more inconvenience on a Saint's Day, when bull-fights were going on.

The United States, though commercially prospering this year beyond the wildest dreams of mercantile gain, having imported gold to the value of five million dollars, have some difficulties to contend with. The Philippine native islanders are not yet subdued; and by holding some thousands of Spanish prisoners in pawn, whose release America is bound to procure, they compromise the honour of the great Republic; Spain asks France to intervene. In Cuba there has been a riot and a fight with the mob at Havana. President McKinley has left Washington for a little repose in Ohio, where he will scarcely get much, being the guest of Mr. Hanna, manager of the Republican political party in that State.

American military and political prospects in the Philippines seem more unfavourable than ever. Despatches from Reuter's correspondent at Manila, dated March 13, state, on the authority of United States officers, that there are 30,000 insurgents armed with rifles, mostly of the Tagalo race, which we suppose to be a cross between Spanish and Malay. They hide and fight in the jungle, the brushwood, in rice-fields, and among the sugar-cane. When the large island of Luzon has been subdued, those of Mindoro and Mindanao will remain to be conquered. An English naval officer, Commander Cowper, with H.M.S. "Plover," accompanied by Señor Mellizi, a former President of the native political Congress, has visited Panay, another island, inhabited by the Vizayan race, and has tried in vain to persuade them to surrender. They wish to negotiate for peace through the mediation of one of the European Powers. The head of the insurrection, Aginaldo, has been lately at Hong-Kong, where he met Prince Henry of Prussia.

Another explosion in a French Government war-ammunition factory took place on Saturday at Bourges, where three workmen, filling shells, were killed, and three others were much hurt. At the St. Charles Barracks, Marseilles, three soldiers, handling some cartridges, were more or less injured by the ignition of a heap of gunpowder. But these mishaps, if not also the greater disaster at Toulon, may have been accidental.

PARLIAMENT.

Debate on the London Government Bill was opened by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who accused the Government of seeking to injure the County Council by creating municipalities which were not real municipalities, and giving them powers to be exercised under the supervision of the Local Government Board and the Privy Council, instead of the central body appointed in 1888 by a Conservative Ministry for the administration of London. Mr. Herbert Gladstone said that "Greater Westminster" was a "preposterous" creation, and intended only to make the civic unity of London more remote than ever. On the Ministerial side it was denied that the County Council was belittled by the Bill. Mr. Chamberlain, replying to Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, who wanted an ultimatum sent to President Kruger, candidly declared that although the Transvaal Government was reactionary and obstinate, no action would be taken to coerce them. All the Boer promises had been broken, and there was no sign of a better spirit, but the Imperial Government would not resort to war. Mr. Chamberlain believed that war would be unwelcome to the Outlanders themselves, and twitted Sir Ellis with his eagerness to coerce Mr. Kruger as contrasted with his unwillingness to coerce the Sultan. Mr. Brodrick gave an explanation of the situation in China, which remains a puzzle, in spite of Blue-Books and official speeches. The main point is that Russia and Germany object to unrestricted British trade in their spheres of influence, but claim the right of trading without restriction in our sphere of influence. In other words, the door is to be shut for us but open for them. Lord Salisbury has refused to accept this doctrine, but how the refusal is to be enforced does not appear. Lord Salisbury made a statement in the House of Lords about Uganda. The expedition of Major Macdonald had failed in consequence of the mutiny of the Soudanese troops, and of the expedition of Major Martyr very little had been heard. The Lords have approved Lord James of Hereford's Bill for the regulation of money-lending, in spite of the Duke of Argyll's objection to the clause which enables Judges to interfere with "hard and unconscionable bargains," and reduce the rate of interest to ten per cent. Lord James explained that his measure was not retrospective, and would apply only to contracts made after the passing of the law. In Committee on the Army Estimates there was a debate on the case of Private Lorrimer, who died from the effects of disciplinary punishment like shot-drill. The War Office refused to blame anybody for this, but admitted that "the system" which made it possible was defective. Evidently somebody has to die in the Army before the necessity of mending "the system" can be admitted.

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving memory of our dear mother, Sarah Ann Wisenden, who died March 22, 1898.

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THE QUEEN AT CIMEZ.—A PLEASANT INSTANCE OF FRENCH COURTESY: HER MAJESTY SALUTED BY A BATTALION OF FRENCH INFANTRY, ENCOUNTERED BY CHANCE ON THE ST. ANDRÉ ROAD.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. A. FORESTIER.

The Queen, coming from her daily drive, met, on the St. André Road, near the monastery of St. Pons, a battalion of French infantry, equipped for mountain duty, returning from a march through the hills. As soon as the carriage appeared, the commander ordered the battalion to halt and present arms. The Queen then drove slowly along the line, graciously acknowledging the salute. Her Majesty was evidently pleased at the honour shown her in an unexpected circumstance. This forms a strong contrast to the ill-informed comments on the state of things in France, and shows the courtesy and respect with which inhabitants and soldiers as well treat her Majesty at Cimiez. The sight was impressive, and such little events do much to secure the "entente cordiale."



HOW THE AMERICAN SCALING-LADDERS WERE USED AT THE HOTEL WINDSOR FIRE IN NEW YORK.

DRAWN BY HAL HURST.

These scaling-ladders weigh from sixteen to forty pounds, and require considerable strength to manipulate; but all the American firemen are first-class athletes. The pole is held at its narrow end, and the iron hook is pushed through a window. Once inside, the teeth on the hook and the fireman's weight hold it safely in position. The ladders form the crucial test of a fireman's nerve. Every American fireman must be an adept at life-saving drill. He must be able to climb up any building with his scaling-ladder, and to slide or jump with rescued persons into the life-net his comrades hold outstretched below.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN AT NICE.

Her Majesty the Queen, at the Hôtel Regina, Cimiez, Nice, has had the happiness of seeing about her nearly all her sons and daughters, and some of their children. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived from Egypt on board H.M.S. *Surprise* at Nice on Wednesday, March 15. The same day his Royal Highness lunched with the Queen, and next day he and the Duchess were her dinner guests at Cimiez; on Thursday evening came the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (our Duke of Edinburgh) from his German residence; the Prince of Wales, who was at Cannes, and had greeted her Majesty upon her arrival on the Riviera, joined his brother, the Duke of Connaught, staying at the Hôtel Liserb, to visit the Queen on Friday; the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, having come on from Paris, on their way to embark for their Mediterranean cruise, also visited the Queen on Saturday; and the Empress Frederick of Germany arrived on the same day. Her Majesty has received gratifying signs of respect from the French local authorities and people. We publish pictures of two particularly interesting incidents, the fisher-women of Nice bringing flowers for her Majesty to the Hôtel Regina; and an impromptu salute from a French regiment. Vice-Admiral Fournier, in command of the French Mediterranean Squadron, and Captain Sir Berkeley Milne, Bart., commanding H.M.S. *Venus*, as well as Commander E. Hervey, commanding H.M.S. *Surprise*, have dined with the Queen. The French Admiral, whose flag-ship, the *Brennus*, lay in Villefranche Harbour, entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and several other members of the English royal family on board his ship. Her Majesty is being favoured with her own proverbial weather, which renders the daily programme easy of fulfilment. In the morning the Queen usually goes out in her donkey-chaise drawn by the faithful "Jocko," in the gardens of the Villa Liserb. In the afternoon she drives, returning to the Hôtel Regina between five and six o'clock.

TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The Russian Imperial Railway, now about to be completed to the extreme shores of Eastern Asia, practically connecting the Baltic and the Black Sea ports, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, with the Pacific Ocean, is one of the grandest examples of the many great engineering works at present in progress. That it will bring vast gains to civilisation, and will advance the colonisation and cultivation of territories quite as extensive as those of the Canadian Dominion there can now be no doubt. If Northern America and Eastern Equatorial Africa have their great lakes, Siberia has her mighty rivers, navigable during the best part of the year, upon the banks of which flourishing towns have already been established, and to the gold and silver mines yielding a valuable revenue, will probably soon be added those of coal and iron, and other materials of manufacturing industry. There is no reason why England should grudge Russia this prospect of a limitless increase of wealth, not obtained at the cost of any other civilising Western or European nation; and our Illustrations, chiefly on the railway in the Yeneseisk province and at Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, may be viewed with satisfaction, those places being not at all "on the road to India," and far enough from China, so that political jealousies are nowise concerned.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

XII.—THE MARA, OR PATAGONIAN CAVY.

The wanderer on the open plains of Patagonia can scarcely advance a mile without observing in the distance a string of at least three or four small animals hopping along in a curiously hare-like manner. And if he be unacquainted with the natural history of the country, it is most probable that he will consider the creatures in question to be a species of hare. As a matter of fact, the mara, as this rodent is called, has no sort of relationship with hares and rabbits, beyond being a member of the same great order of mammals; and its superficial resemblance, both in appearance and habits, to the former is one of many remarkable instances of similar external conditions producing similarity in the fauna. Maras are in reality large and long-legged cavies, and are hence often termed Patagonian cavies. From true cavies, of which the domestic guinea-pig is the most familiar example, they are distinguished by possessing a short stump-like tail, which is always carried bent to one side. Another peculiar feature is the elongation of the hair on the sides of the chest into a pair of crests or tufts, admirably displayed in the figure in the foreground.

The entire family of cavies is restricted to Central and South America, but as the true cavies are nocturnal in their

habits, the mara is the only one that ordinarily meets the eye of the traveller on the lonely Patagonian wastes. They live in burrows excavated by themselves; and are essentially inhabitants of arid desert districts. Hence they are absent from the greater portion of the pampas of Argentina, although they have succeeded in making their way into some of the drier plains of the interior. Although having their burrows or hiding-places, maras, like hares, prefer trusting to the speed of their long legs to escape their foes. They have been introduced into several English parks—such as Woburn Abbey and Leonardslee in Sussex, where they flourish and breed. But as their flesh is described as being dry and tasteless, it is unlikely that they will ever be encouraged as animals of sport. If captured at a sufficiently early age they can be easily tamed. R. LYDEKKER.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS.

(See Supplement.)

Public opinion is generally correct when it forecasts the result of the Boat-Race—that is to say, the occasions upon which the favourites have been beaten are few and far between. Cambridge were, it is true, favourites in 1883, 1890, 1892, and 1896, and in each of those years they were beaten, while Oxford were favourites in 1870, when they lost. These are the only occasions in modern times when the crew upon which the odds were laid have failed to reach the post first; but in the opinion of the best judges it is possible that 1899 will be added to that list.

Taking into consideration all the circumstances, there is very little to choose between the times accomplished by the one and those accomplished by the other. Cambridge have a longer swing and a better finish, and are, on the whole, a more taking crew to look at; but Oxford are at

R. O. Fitman (bow), Eton and New College, rowed in the Eton crew which won the Ladies' Plate in 1895. For his college he has won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley in 1897, the Visitors' Challenge Cup in 1898, the O.U.B.C. Fours in 1898, and has rowed head of the river in 1897 and 1898. He also won the O.U.B.C. Pairs last year. He rowed bow in the Oxford boat last spring, and is rowing much better now than he did then.

G. S. MacLagan (cox.), Eton and Magdalen, had considerable experience in steering at school, but this is his first appearance on the tide-way. He has picked up the points of the course very quickly, and does not get flurried when he has another boat alongside of him.

Cambridge have three "old blues" rowing, but the others have not had quite so much experience of racing as the Oxford men.

J. H. Gibbon (stroke), Eton and Third Trinity, did not represent his school at Henley, but has done very well since he went to Cambridge. He rowed stroke of the winning trial eight in December. He keeps the swing long, and gives the big men behind him plenty of time to finish, but is inclined to get upset if the crew is not going well. He has, however, always rowed better in races than in practice.

W. Dudley-Ward (7), Eton and Third Trinity, rowed in the Eton crews which won the Ladies' Plate at Henley in 1895 and 1896. In 1897 he rowed "seven" in the Cambridge crew. He won the Magdalene (C.U.B.C.) Pairs in 1897. He is rowing better now than he has ever done before.

R. H. Sanderson (6), Harrow and First Trinity, came to the front in the First Trinity crew, which went head of the river in the May races. He helped First Trinity to win the C.U.B.C. Fours in November. He is a hard worker who rows in very neat form.

R. B. Etherington-Smith (5), Repton and First Trinity, is President of the C.U.B.C. He has rowed in innumerable races for First Trinity and for the London Rowing Club. He was stroke of the First Trinity eight last May. He won the Colquhoun Sculls in 1897 and the Magdalene Pairs in 1898, and the C.U.B.C. Fours.

J. E. Payne (4), New College, Eastbourne, and Peterhouse, rowed for London Rowing Club at Henley last year. He also rowed in the winning trial eight in December. He is one of the hardest workers in the boat.

C. J. D. Goldie (3), Eton and Third Trinity, is the son of the late J. H. D. Goldie, the famous Cambridge stroke, who succeeded in turning the tide of Oxford victories in 1870. In 1898 he helped Leander to win both the Grand and the Stewards' Challenge Cups. He won the Magdalene Pairs and the Colquhoun Sculls in 1898.

N. L. Calvert (2), Geelong, Australia, and Trinity Hall, rowed in the losing trial eight. He did very well as stroke of the Trinity Hall boat in the recent Lent races, and was only put into the University boat

about four weeks ago. He has proved a distinct acquisition to the crew.

W. H. Chapman (bow), Eton and Third Trinity, rowed in the Eton eight which won the Ladies' Plate at Henley last year. He is a hard worker, but not a neat oar to look at.

G. A. Lloyd (cox.), Eton and third Trinity, steered the Eton crews of 1897 and 1898. This is his first year at Putney, but he seems to have already learned the course very well. He and MacLagan are old schoolfellows and old rivals, and may therefore be expected to use more than the customary amount of uncomplimentary language to one another if they get to close quarters in the race.

If the two crews row in the race exactly as they have done in practice, Cambridge ought to win, but it is not a year in which one can prophesy with any confidence. Oxford have made steady improvement during the last few days, and if they get an advantage in the early part of the race, Gold is not the man to let it go. C. M. PITMAN.



THE HOTEL WINDSOR, NEW YORK, DESTROYED BY FIRE ON MARCH 17.

See "Events of the Day."

present faster starters, and appear to row a fast racing stroke with less discomfort to themselves.

H. G. Gold, Eton and Magdalen, the Oxford stroke and President, rowed stroke in the Eton crews which won the Ladies' Plate at Henley Regatta in 1893, 1894, and 1895, and has rowed stroke of the last three Oxford crews. In 1896 Cambridge led nearly all the way, and were more than a length ahead at Barnes Bridge, and it was in a great measure owing to Gold's generalship that his crew kept so well together and eventually rowed Cambridge down and won on the post. In 1896 he rowed stroke of the Leander crew which won the Grand Challenge Cup, and last year he occupied the same position when they carried off both the Grand and the Stewards' Challenge Cups.

A. T. Herbert (7), Bedford Grammar School and Balliol, occupied the same position in the crew last year. He is not an ideal "seven," but he is a very painstaking oarsman who works hard all the way.

F. Warre (6), Eton and Balliol, is the youngest son of Dr. Warre, the Head Master of Eton, who rowed for Oxford in 1857 and 1858. He rowed in the Eton eight of 1897, and in the Oxford crew of last year.

C. E. Johnston (5), Eton and New College, rowed head of the river, and won the Visitors' Challenge Cup at Henley last year. He also won the O.U.B.C. Fours in November. He rows in a smooth, easy style, and has improved immensely since he was put into the crew.

H. J. Hale (4), Eton and Balliol, rowed in the Eton eight which won the Ladies' Plate last year. At the beginning of the year he promised to become a very fine oar. He has not fulfilled that promise as yet, but is the youngest man in either crew, and possibly the training affects him more than the others.

A. H. Steel (3), Rugby and Balliol, is a strong if not very polished oar. He was considered one of the most promising men in the trial eights.

C. W. Tomkinson (2), Eton and Balliol, has distinguished himself more as a "stroke" than as an oarsman. He has rowed stroke of the Balliol eight for two years, and has twice occupied the same position in one of the trial eights.

THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

The occupation by the Portuguese of the eastern coast of South Africa, along the Mozambique Channel and beyond its shores, has a considerably remote antiquity, going back to the early part of the sixteenth-century; so that the European nations cannot be regarded as intruders. We are, however, at the present day making such rapid progress in the interior of South Africa, ruling and colonising so effectually the countries south of the Zambezi, and those to the north of its course, up the Shire River and around Lake Victoria Nyassa, which the Portuguese never approached—not to speak of Mashonaland and Rhodesia—that the more accurate delimitation of frontiers, with jurisdiction over subject native tribes, has become a matter of political equity or propriety, demanding the services of an International Diplomatic Commission. Doubting not a just and amicable result of these negotiations, we present views of the few scenes in the Lower Zambezi region, and in the neighbouring British South African territories, which have some additional interest at this moment.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Handley Carr Glynn Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, was on March 18 elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the University. He succeeds Professor Robinson, who recently became Canon of Westminster. Dr. Moule was born at Dorchester in 1841, and was educated at Trinity College, where he won the Carus Greek Testament Prize in 1862 and the Browne Medal in 1863. He was second classic, and took a first in theology. Dr. Moule is the author of many devotional and expository works.

Dublin medical circles, and, indeed, the public of the Irish capital generally, have sustained a severe loss by the death of Dr. Michael A. Boyd, who died somewhat suddenly on March 6. Dr. Boyd, who was one of the prominent physicians of Dublin, had a distinguished academic career, amply borne out by the performance of after years. He found time, despite the heavy demands of professional duty, to follow his favourite pastime of painting. He was president of the Water-Colour Society of Dublin. St. Michael's Hospital in Kingstown owes in great measure its foundation to Dr. Boyd's efforts.

The late Mr. Charles Drury Edward Fortnum, who died at Stanmore on March 3, was a distinguished virtuoso. He spent many years in Australia, where he made a large collection of insects, birds, and reptiles, which he presented to the British Museum and to the Hope Collection at Oxford. He was an authority on gems and on Classical and Renaissance art. Mr. Fortnum was Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Archaeological Institute. He was in his eightieth year.

One of New Zealand's earliest and most distinguished colonists passed away on Feb. 10, at the good old age of eighty-eight—the Rev. W. Colenso, F.R.S., F.L.S. Arriving in New Zealand as missionary printer in 1834, with the first press and types seen in the islands, he composed and bound with his own hands the first edition of the New Testament in Maori. Six thousand copies were printed, but it is now one of the rarest of early New Zealand books. In missionary work, in after years, he went through extraordinary toils. Later still he took an active part in public and political life, and for the past thirty years had lived the life of a student of science. Many scientific societies in various parts of the world elected him to honorary membership.

One of the most eminent of our woman astronomers has passed away in Miss Elizabeth Brown. In 1883 she became director of the section for observation of the sun of the Liverpool Astronomical Society. Her sunspot drawings are famous among astronomers for scientific value and artistic beauty. Miss Brown undertook three journeys to observe total solar eclipses—in 1887 to Moscow, in 1889 to Trinidad, in 1896 to Vadsö, in Lapland. Of her experiences she wrote in an easy and delightful style.

The late Alderman Reuben Farley was a popular figure in the Black Country. In the welfare of West Bromwich he took an untiring interest. To his instrumentalities was mainly due the presentation to West Bromwich of the Dartmouth Park. At Great Bridge the Alderman himself gave a park, and last year he handed over to West Bromwich the Old Oak House Museum, and Pleasure Grounds. He afforded a notable example of the successful business man who uses his wealth for the benefit of the people among whom he acquired it.

Mr. G. T. White, the traffic manager of the London and South-Western Railway, who died on March 17, was a most popular and able official. Previous to his appointment to headquarters, Mr. White had been stationed at Exeter as superintendent of the south-western district of

the company's system. Several times Mr. White had the honour of arranging the Queen's journeys to Osborne, and her Majesty showed her appreciation of his services by various presents, the most valued being a signed portrait of herself. On hearing of Mr. White's death, the Queen sent a sympathetic telegram from Nice.

Sir Nathaniel Alexander Staples, who died at Lissan, Cookstown, Tyrone, on March 12, was a native of that place. He was the second son of the late Rev. J. M. Staples, rector of Lissan. From 1834 to 1854 he served in the Bengal Artillery, and retired with the rank of Captain. In 1865 he succeeded his uncle, Sir Thomas Staples, in the baronetcy.

The late Dr. Walter Hay Sangster occupied a distinguished position in the musical world as an organist and composer. He was born in 1835, in London, of Scotch parentage, and early became a chorister in the Temple Church. He studied the organ under Mr. E. J. Hopkins,

Queen of Spain is compelled to sign. Don Carlos would never have signed it. This appears to be the rather precarious basis of his expected appeal to Spanish patriotism.

Baron Mohrenheim, formerly of the Russian Embassy in Paris, and now living in retirement in the South of France, is the latest subject of Parisian invention. He is said to have disclosed to Germany the military convention between Russia and France, for which act he was disgraced by the Czar. The story is tolerably foolish on the face of it, but Baron Mohrenheim has thought it worth while to take the indictment seriously. He was not disgraced, but promoted, and he withdrew from active service on account of years and poor health. He did not sell his own country, as well as France, to Germany; nor did he palm off on the French Foreign Office as genuine a forged letter from the Emperor William. Baron Mohrenheim says he has always been a friend of the French people, and reproaches them with ingratitude. But he might reflect that they will have forgotten his alleged treason the week after next.

Aguinaldo is reported to be taking desperate measures to keep up the fighting spirit of the Filipinos. He has decapitated a General who urged him to submit to the American forces. There is a dramatic touch of the "Off with his head—so much for Buckingham!" order of statesmanship in this proceeding. But one piece of news may do something to dash Aguinaldo's spirits. He may hear that Esterhazy has expressed a desire to join him. The Khalifa will also be troubled should he learn that the jackal of the French General Staff would like to hunt with the Dervish lions.

Madame Melba, who is at present in San Francisco, has met with an awkward accident. The prima donna was attending a reception at the house of a newspaper publisher, and in taking a seat touched a pedestal and caused a heavy bronze statue to fall. The statue struck Madame Melba on the head, and rendered her unconscious for fifteen minutes. Fortunately, her hair saved her from a serious wound, and the fact that she was leaning forward at the moment broke the force of the blow. Madame Melba was able to sing the following evening. The subject of the statue is not revealed. At any rate, one hopes it did not represent the Muse of Lyric Song, or sadder still, that of the Press.

PLAYHOUSES.

It was inevitable, perhaps, that "Caste" (just revived at the Globe Theatre) should be exhumed once more. Curious to think that these trivial little comedies of Robertson, with their tea-cups, milk-jugs, and jam-

puddings, once marked a dramatic renaissance, and that "Caste" was the cleverest of them all! Times have changed, and with the growth of democratic convictions Mrs. d'Alroy, so fond of Froissart quotations, and Hawtree, fearful of artisan contact, seem absurd snobs, just as Eccles, the drunken and obsequious Radical, and Gerridge, the glutinous workman, have become the merest caricature. And this though it is still incredible that a girl of Esther Eccles' origin, however tender her fine husband, should not have displayed vulgarity of thought and temperament, as well as of manners and speech.

Happily, there is no need to discuss the merits of such an anachronism as "Caste." Its only importance to-day lies in the opportunities it affords for acting. The Eccles of Mr. John Hare—vinegary, vicious, unconsciously rather than uproariously humorous—ranks as one of his most realistic impersonations, and is surely the correct reading. Other performances—Mr. Kerr's Hawtree, Mr. Gilbert's Gerridge, Miss Oram's Esther, and Mr. Gilmore's d'Alroy—have already at the Court reproduction received full commendation. Miss May Harvey alone, a perfect Naomi Tighe and Mary Netley, mars, in an attempt at over-refining Polly Eccles, an otherwise admirable revival.

F. G. B.



Photo Chauvelin, Dublin.
THE LATE DR. MICHAEL A. BOYD.



Photo. Russell.
THE REV. H. C. G. MOULE,
New Norrisian Professor at Cambridge.

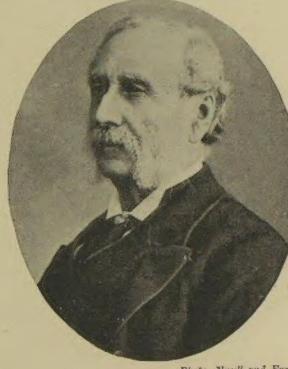


Photo. Mandl and Fox.
THE LATE MR. C. D. E. FORTNUM.



Photo. Van der Weyde.
THE LATE SIR N. A. STAPLES.



Photo. Savory, Cirencester.
THE LATE MISS ELIZABETH BROWN.



Photo. Carnell, Napier, N.Z.
THE LATE REV. W. COLENSO.



Photo. Whitlock, West Bromwich.
THE LATE ALDERMAN FARLEY.



Photo. Watery.
THE LATE MR. G. T. WHITE.

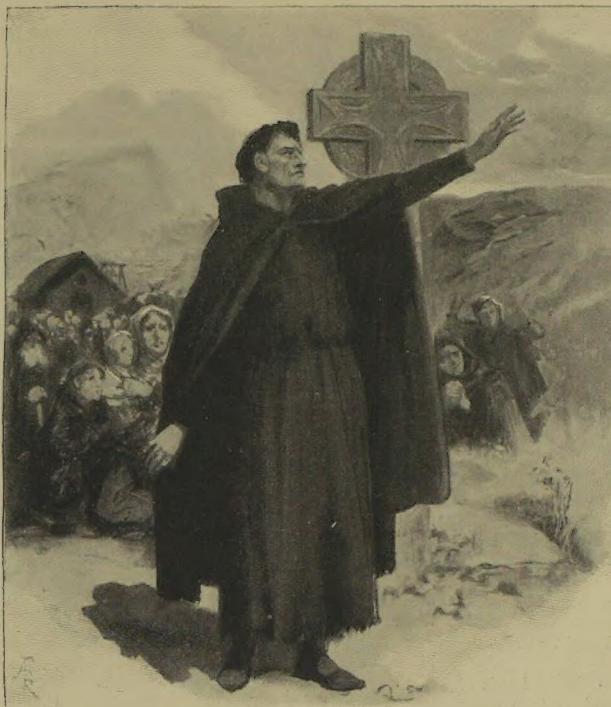


Photo. Watery.
THE LATE DR. WALTER HAY SANGSTER.



THE GREAT CHAMPIONSHIP BILLIARD MATCH BETWEEN ROBERTS AND DAWSON.

John Roberts, who for fourteen years has been undisputed champion in the spot-barred game at billiards, has been challenged by Charles Dawson, the young Yorkshire player, to a match on level terms of £18,000 up. Play began at the Argyll Hall on Monday, and the first day's scores were: Roberts, 1501; Dawson, 1391. On Tuesday Roberts was far below his usual form, and the day's play ended as follows: Dawson, 3002; Roberts, 2218.



CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PYLGAIN OF DYFED.

Like an explosion of fire-damp in a coal-mine—sudden, far-reaching, deadly—so was the convulsion in South Wales.

All was quiet to-day. On the morrow the whole land, from the Bay of Cardigan to Morganwg, was in flames. The rising had been prepared for with the utmost caution.

The last to anticipate it were the soldiery under Rogier, who were quartered in Caio. Notwithstanding imperative orders from the bishop at Llawhaden to return to him, they had remained where they were, and had continued to conduct themselves in the same lawless manner as before. They scoffed at the tameness with which their insolence was endured.

"They are Cynwyl conies—des lapins!" they said. "Say 'Whist!' and nothing more is seen of them than their white tails as they scuttle to their burrows."

For centuries this had been an oasis of peace, unlapped by the waves of war. The very faculty of resistance was taken out of these men, who could handle a plough or brandish a shepherd's crook, but were frightened at the chime of a bowstring and the flash of a pike.

Yet, secretly, arms were being brought into the valley, and were distributed from farm to farm and from cot to cot; and the men whose wives and daughters had been disdained, whose savings had been carried off, who had themselves been beaten and insulted, whose relatives had been hung as felons, were gripping the swords and handling the lances—eager for the signal that should set them free to fall on their tormentors. And that signal came at last.

On Christmas Eve, from the top of Pen-y-ddinas shot up a tongue of flame. At once from every mountain-side answered flashes of fire. There was light before every house, however small. The great basin of Caio was like a reversed dome of heaven studded with stars.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Rogier, issuing from the habitation he had appropriated to himself, and looking round in amazement.

"It is the pylgain," replied his man, Pont d'Arche, who knew something of Welsh.

"Pylgain! What is that?"

"The coming in of Christmas. They salute it with lights and carols and prayers and dances."

"Methinks I can hear sounds."

"Ay! they are coming to church."

"With torches—there are many."

"They all come."

Then a man came rushing up the hill; he was breathless. On reaching where stood Rogier, he gasped: "They come—a thousand men, and all armed."

"It is a river of fire."

Along the road could be seen a waving line of light, and from all sides, down the mountains ran cascades of light as well.

"There is not a man is not armed, and the women each bear a torch, they come with them—to see revenge done on us."

Then up came Cadell. He was trembling.

"Rogier," he said, "this is no pylgain for us—the whole country is stirring. The whole people is under arms, and swearing to have our blood."

"We will show these conies of Cynwyl that we are not afraid of them."

"They are no conies now, but lions. Can you stand against a thousand men? And—this is not all, I warrant.

PABO THE PRIEST

By S. BARING GOVET.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

The whole of the Towy Valley, and that of the Teify, all Dyfed, maybe all Wales, is up to-night. Can you make your way through?"

Rogier uttered a curse.

"By the paunch of the Bastard, I relish not running before these conies."

"Then tarry—and they will hang you beside Cynwyl's bell, where you slung their kinsmen."

Rogier's face became mottled with mingled rage and fear. Meanwhile, his men had rallied around them, running from the several houses they were lodging in; a panic had seized them. Some, without awaiting orders, were saddling their horses.

"Hark!" shouted Rogier. "What is that?"

The river of light had become a river of song. The thunder of the voices of men and the clear tones of the women combined. And from every rill of light that



Then up the ascent came the procession.

descended from the heights to swell the advancing current, came the strain as well.

"They have come carolling," said Rogier disdainfully.

"Carol, call you this?" exclaimed Cadell. "It is the war-song of the sons of David. Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him, flee before him. Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away: and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish—"

"I will hear no more," said Rogier. "Mount! And Heaven grant us a day when we may revenge this."

"I will go too," said Cadell. "Here I dare not remain."

Before the advancing river of men arrived at the crossing of the Annell, the entire band of the Normans had fled—not one was left.

Then up the ascent came the procession.

First went the staff of Cynwyl, not now in its gold and gem-encrusted shrine, but removed from it—a plain, rough, ashen stick, borne aloft by Morgan ap Seyssut, its hereditary guardian, and behind him came Meredith, with his two attendant bards, all with their harps, striking them as the multitude intoned the battle-song that for five hundred years had not sounded within the sanctuary of David. The women bore torches aloft, the men marched four abreast, all armed and with stern faces, and Pabo was there—and led them.

The Archpriest, on reaching the church, mounted a block of stone, and dismissed the women. Let them return to their homes. A panic had fallen on those who had molested them, and they had fled. The work was but begun, and the men alone could carry it on to the end.

Rogier and his men did not draw rein till they had reached the Ystrad Towy, the broad valley through which flowed the drainage of the Brecknock Mountains. And there they saw that on all sides beacons were kindled; in every hamlet resounded the noise of arms. At Llandeilo they threw themselves into Dynevor, which had but a slender garrison. But there they would not stay; and, avoiding such places as were centres of gathering to the routed natives, they made for Carmarthen.

The castle there was deemed impregnable. It was held mainly by Welsh mercenaries in the service of Gerald of Windsor. Rogier mistrusted them; he would not remain there, for he heard that Griffith ap Rhys, at the head of large bodies of insurgents, was marching upon Carmarthen.

Next day the brother of the bishop was again on the move with his men by daybreak, and passed into the Cleddau Valley, making for Llawhaden.

In the meantime the men of Caio were on the march. None were left behind save the very old and the very young and the women.

They marched four abreast, with the staff of Cynwyl borne before them. Now the vanguard thundered the battle-song of David, "Cyfodod Duw, gwsgauer ei elynion: ffordd ei gaseion o'i flaen ef."

They sang, then ceased, and the rear-guard took up the chant: "When thou wentest forth before the people; when thou wentest through the wilderness, the earth shook and the heavens dropped." They sang on and ceased. Thereupon again the vanguard took up the strain, "Kings with their armies did flee, and were discomfited; and they of the household divided the spoil."

Thus chanting alternately, they marched through the passage among the mountains threaded by the Sarn Helen, and before the people went Pabo, wearing the bracelet of Maximus, the Roman Emperor, who took to wife that Helen who had made the road, and who was of the royal British race of Cunedda.

So they marched on—following the same course as that by which the Norman cavalcade had preceded them. And this was the Pylgiain in Dyfed in the year 1115.

The host came out between the portals of the hills at Llanwrda, and turned about and descended the Ystrad Towy, by the right bank of the river; and the daybreak of Christmas saw them opposite Llangadock. The grey light spread from behind the mighty ridge of Trichrug, and revealed the great fortified, lonely camp of Carn Goch towering up, with its mighty walls of stone and the huge cairn that occupied the highest point within the enclosure.

They halted for a while, but for a while only, and then thrust along in the same order, and with the same resolution, intoning the same chant, on their way to Llandeilo. There they tarried for the night, and every house was opened to them, and on every hearth there was a girdle-cake for them.

On the morrow the whole body was again on the march. Meanwhile, the garrison had fled from Dynevor to Careg Cennen, and the men of Ystrad Towy were camped against that fortress, from which, on the news of the revolt, Gerald had escaped to Carmarthen.

By the time the men of Caio were within sight of this latter place, it was in flames.

And tidings came from Cardigan. The people there had with one accord declared that they would have Griffith as their prince, and were besieging Strongbow's castle of Blaen-Porth.

But the men of Caio did not tarry at Carmarthen to assist in the taking of the castle. Only there did Pabo

surrender the bracelet of Maxen to the Prince, with the message from his sister.

They pushed on their way.

Whither were they bound? Slowly, steadily, resolutely on the track of those men who had outraged them to their place of retreat and defence, the bishop's Castle of Llawhaden.

Now when Bernard heard that all Caio was on the march, and came on unwaveringly towards where he was behind strong walls and defended by mighty towers, then his heart failed him. He bade Rogier hold out, but for himself he mounted his mule, rode to Tenby Castle; nor rested there, but took ship and crossed the mouth of the Severn estuary to Bristol, whence he hastened to London, to lay the tidings before the King. And with him went Cadell, the chaplain.

It was evening when the host of Caio reached Llawhaden, and Rogier from the walls heard the chant of the war-psalm. "God shall wound the head of his enemies: and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his wickedness . . . that thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies: and that the tongue of thy dogs may be red through the same."

He shuddered—a premonition of evil.

Pabo would have dissuaded his men from an immediate assault; but they were not weary, they were eager for the fray. They had cut down and were bearing faggots of wood, and carried huge bundles of fern. Some faggots went into the moat, others were heaped against the gates. The episcopal barns were broken into, and all the straw brought forth.

Then flame was applied, and the draught carried the fire with a roar within.

By break of day Llawhaden Castle was in the hands of the men of Caio. They chased its garrison from every wall of defence; they were asked for, they gave no quarter. Those who had so long tyrannised over them lay in the galleries, slain with the sword, or thrust through with spears. Only Rogier, hung by the neck, dangled from a beam thrust through an upper window.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WHITE SHIP.

The rebellion extended, castle after castle fell; those of the Normans who remained maintained themselves within fortresses, like Pembroke and Aberystwyth, that could receive provisions from the sea. Powys was seething—a thrill of excitement had run through Gwynedd, and the aged King there quaked lest his people should rise, dethrone him, and call on Griffith to reign over them, and combine north and south in one against the invader.

It was in the favour of the Welsh that King Henry was out of the country. He was warring against the French King in Normandy, and the malcontents in the duchy.

In order to punish the Welsh, he had sent Owen ap Cadogan at the head of a body of men into the country. Owen was furious because the people of Cardigan had greeted Griffith as their prince. Cardigan was the kingdom to which Owen laid claim, but he had done nothing to maintain this claim against Strongbow. Yet no sooner did he hear that a cousin, Griffith ap Rhys, had been welcomed there as its deliverer and prince, than in uncontrolled rage he gathered a troop of ruffians, and aided by the men afforded him by King Henry, he invaded Dyfed, and took an oath that he would massacre every man, woman, and child he came across till he had cut his way and left a track of blood from the Usk to the Atlantic.

Thus a Welsh prince, with a mixed host of Welshmen and English, had come among the mountains that had cradled him to exterminate those of his own blood and tongue.

The horrors he committed, his remorseless savagery, sent men and women flying before him to the wastes and heaths of the Brecknock mountains, and they carried with them the infirm and feeble, knowing well that Owen would spare neither the greybeard nor the infant.

Enraged at not finding more food for his sword, he marked his onward course with flame, destroying farms and homesteads.

An appointment was made for the host of Owen, another led by Robert Consul, and the disciplined foreigners under Gerald of Windsor, who had been reinforced from the sea—to converge and unite in one great army for the chastisement of South Wales.

It so happened, while thus marching, that Owen, with about a hundred men, detached himself from the main body to fall on and butcher a party of fugitives on their way to the fastnesses of the mountains. Returning with their plunder and their blades dripping with blood, Owen and his ruffians came near to where Gerald of Windsor was on his way.

Then up flamed the rage of the baron, and he resolved on using the opportunity to discharge a personal debt of honour. It was this Owen who had penetrated as a friend into Pembroke, and had carried off Gerald's wife, Nest.

At once he turned and fell on Owen and his murderous band, cut them to pieces, and slew the man against whom he bore so bitter a grudge.

Henry had returned from Normandy; he was triumphant. Peace had been declared, and his son William had been invested with the duchy. The King hastened to Westminster as soon as he had landed, expecting his sons, William and Richard, and his daughter, Matilda, to follow him in a day or two. As he was about to embark at Barfleur, there had come to him one Thomas FitzStephen, the son of the man who had conveyed the Conqueror to England. At his petition, Henry accorded him the favour of conveying the princes and the princess across the Channel in his splendid new vessel, the *White Ship*.

The crew, greatly elated at this honour, after having received their passengers on board, begged Prince William that he would order drink to be supplied them, and this he imprudently granted. A revel ensued, which was kept up even after the King and his fleet had put to sea. Owing to this, Henry arrived in England without the *White Ship* remaining in sight and forming a portion of the fleet. He was not, however, in any concern, as the sea was calm and there was little wind, and he made his way at once to Windsor.

Almost immediately on his arrival, Nest appeared before him.

The King was in a bad humour. He was vexed at his children not having arrived. He was very angry because his porcupine was dead. The servant whose duty it was to attend to the natural rarities Henry collected assured him that this death was due to the porcupine's licking himself like a cat, to keep himself clean, and he had accidentally swallowed one of his own quills, which had transfixes his heart.

"And, Sire," said the man; "when I saw him licking himself, I blessed Heaven, as I thought it to be a token of fair weather while your Majesty was crossing the sea."

"You should not have suffered him to lick himself," said the King angrily.

"Sire, I believed he was cleaning his spines, that he might present his best appearance to your Majesty."

"Take him away!" ordered Henry, addressing a servant-arms, "and say he is to receive fifty stripes at the pillory for his negligence. Well, what are you here for, Nest? This is a cursed bad augury on my return to find my porcupine dead and you here with a complaint."

"Sire," said the Princess, "at one time my presence was not of ill-augury to you."

"Times have changed. I am driven mad with rebellion. First in Normandy, then in Wales. One has no peace. But I have beaten down all opposition in the duchy, and now I shall turn my attention to your country. What do you want? To threaten and scold, as once before?"

"No—only to entreat."

"Oh, you women! you plead, and if you do not get what you ask, then you menace. What one of all your threats and denunciations has come true? What single one?"

"Oh, my Sovereign," said Nest, "hearken to me but this once. Now there is an occasion such as may not present itself again of pacifying Wales and making my dear people honour you and submit to your sceptre."

"What is that?"

"Owen ap Cadogan is dead. He entered his native land slaying and laying waste, so that every Cymric heart trembled before him—some with fear, others with resentment. And now—he is dead, Gerald my husband, who had some wrong to redress—"

Henry burst into derisive laughter.

"Gerald killed him; and now the Welsh people hail him as having delivered them from their worst foe."

"Then let them submit."

"But, Sire and King, their wrongs are intolerable. Oh, let there be some holding of the hand. Lay not on them more burdens; meddle not further with their concerns. I speak to you now, not for the princes, but for the people."

"It is well that you speak not for the princes. The worst of all, a rebellious dragon, is your brother Griffith. Him I shall not spare."

"I speak for the people. Sire, there is one truth they have taken to heart now by the fall of Owen. It is that given in Scripture: Put not your trust in princes! Those we have known have failed; and fail they all will, because they seek their own glory, and not the welfare of the people. Our Cymri know this now. Griffith of Gwynedd and Owen of Cardigan have taught them that. Therefore, they are ready to bow under the sceptre of England, if that sceptre, in place of being used to stir up one prince against another, be laid on all to keep them in tranquillity. What my people seek is peace, protection, justice. Sire, you are mistaken if you believe that the Welsh people rise against the overlordship of your Crown. They rise because they can obtain no peace, no justice from the Norman adventurers sent among them, and no protection against their best lands being taken from them and given to Flemings. Sire, trust the people. Be just and generous to them. Protect them from those who would eat them up. All they rise for, fight for—are the eternal principles of justice as between man and man. Your men snatch from them their lands; their homes they are expelled from; even their churches are taken from them."

"Ah, ha, Nest! I have the sanction of Heaven there."

Did not your British Church resist Augustine? Does it not now oppose our See of Canterbury? And as Heaven blesses the right and punishes the wrong, so has it marvellously interposed to silence evil tongues. When my Bernard was resisted, fire fell from heaven and consumed those who opposed him, in the sight of all men. I believe a hundred men were suddenly and instantaneously burnt."

"You heard that from Bernard."

"It has been published throughout England. I have spoken of it myself to the successor of the Apostles, to Pope Callixtus, at Rheims, and he was mightily gratified, for, said he, 'I ever held that British Church to be tainted with heresy.' And he reminded me that when the British bishops opposed Augustine, they were massacred at Bangor. Which was very satisfactory. So now with my Bernard—"

"Bernard!" exclaimed Nest, boldly interrupting the King, "Bernard is an arch liar! Sire, a priest named Pabo struck the bishop in the mouth, and knocked out one or two of his teeth."

"I noticed this and rallied him on his whistling talk. But he said naught of the blow."

"It was so. And he pretends that Pabo was smitten

"Away—fetch the boy. I will think on it."

Nest left the room.

In the ante-chamber all present were in obvious consternation, pale, and dejected.

She had left her little son with a servant, and she crossed the chamber.

Then the Chancellor, who was present, came to her, drew her into the embrasure of a window, and spoke to her in low, awestruck tones. At his words her cheek blanched.

"None dare inform him," said the Chancellor. "We have instructed the child. Suffer him to enter alone and tell the tale."

For a moment Nest could not speak; something rose in her throat. She signed to the boy to come to her. "Do you know what to say?"

"Yes, mother; that the *White Ship*—"

"Cast yourself at the King's feet, tell him all; and when you have said the last words, 'The princes, thy sons, be dead; thy daughter also, she likewise is dead'—then pause and say in a loud voice, 'Remember Wales!'"

The child was dismissed. He passed behind a

When the *White Ship* started the captain assured Prince William that such was her speed that she would overtake the King's ship, and even pass it and leave behind the royal squadron. The signal was given, and the *White Ship* left the harbour, impelled to her utmost speed by fifty excited rowers; but she had not proceeded far before she was driven violently against a reef, which stove in two planks of her starboard bow. Prince William was put into the boat, and was already on his way towards the land when, hearing the cries of his sister from the sinking vessel, he ordered his rowers to put back and save her. He was obeyed; but on reaching the wreck such a rush was made by the frantic passengers to enter their boat that she was swamped, and the whole crowd was swallowed in the scarcely troubled sea. William and Richard, the two sons of Henry, and their sister Matilda, and three hundred others, chiefly persons of exalted rank, perished on this occasion.

Nest returned to Wales.

She had gained all that she desired. She went at once to Dynevor. There was her brother Griffith, who had



"Go, woman, go—it shall be as thou hast desired. I am judged."

by lightning for having thus struck him. But, Sire, I have seen this priest since the alleged miracle; his hair is unsinged. He has a hearty appetite, and good teeth—not one struck out by lightning—wherewith to consume his food. The smell of fire has not passed upon him."

The King broke into a roar of laughter.

"That is Bernard! Bernard to the life! A rogue in business. He cheated my Queen, and now tries to cheat me with a lie, and sets up as the favoured of Heaven. You are sure of it?"

"Quite sure; Bernard endeavoured to huddle the man out of the way lest the lie should be found out."

"Famous!" The King had recovered his good-humour. "And to see the solemnity and conviction of the Holy Father when he heard the story." Again he exploded into laughter. "I must go tell the Queen. It is fun, it will put her in a passion."

"And, Sire! about my people—my poor Welsh people?"

"I will see to it. I will consider—what did I hear? You have brought your young child with you?"

"Yes, Sire, he is without."

"Let me see him—has he your beauty or Gerald's ugliness?"

"Your Majesty shall judge."

Nest went towards the door, but turned. "Oh, Sire, forget not my entreaty for my people."

curtain, then through the door into the royal presence.

All without stood hushed, trembling with emotion, hardly breathing, none looking on another.

Then, in the stillness, came a loud and piercing cry; a cry that cut to the hearts of such as heard it like a stiletto.

In another moment Henry staggered forth, blanched, as one drunk, with hands extended and lifted before his face, and in a harsh voice, like a madman's shriek, he cried: "It has come. The judgment of God! I am a dry and a branchless tree, blasted in the midst of life—blasted in the hour of victory." Then he reeled to a table, threw himself on his knees, laid his head on his hands, and burst into tears.

None moved. None ventured near him. The Bishop of London was there—but he felt that no words of his were of avail now.

So they stood, hardly breathing, watching the stricken man, who quivered in the agony of his bereavement.

Presently he lifted his face—so altered as to be hardly recognisable, livid as that of a corpse, and running down with tears. He turned towards Nest and said—"Go, woman, go—it shall be as thou hast desired. I am judged."

What had occurred needs but a few words of explanation.

done much to restore the ruinous castle of his fathers, the Kings of Dyfed.

"Griffith," said she, "I have done what I could. For thee, free pardon and reinstatement in thy principality—yet is it not to be a kingdom, only as a great chieftain. The King undertakes to suffer no more English or Normans to enter our country and carve out for themselves baronies therein. Nor will he send into it any more Flemings. But such as are here shall remain, and Norman, Fleming, and Welshman alike shall be under his sceptre, and be justly ruled, the English by their own laws, the Welsh by those of Rhodric Dda." She looked round and saw Pabo, "and for thee—return thou to Caio and thy Archpriesthood—and to thy wife. Let Bernard look to it. The King will not forget the story of thy being consumed with fire from Heaven for having knocked out one of the bishop's teeth. And now, Griffith, give me the armlet of Maxen Wledig. We have both deserved well of our country."

THE END.

In our next Number will be commenced a series of Short Stories by well-known Authors, including Maarten Maartens, Sir Walter Besant, W. E. Norris, J. Zangwill, Jerome K. Jerome, S. Baring-Gould, and others. Illustrated by eminent Artists.



1. Mr. Cecil Rhodes's Farm at Inyangwa.
2. Cattle from North Charterland crossing the Rueypa River en route for Salisbury.

3. Women Fetching Water; Tete, the Chief Portuguese Town on the Zambezi, in the Background.
4. Taking a Pig to Market at Tete.

5. Monster Baobab-Tree in the Garesi Valley.
6. Women Traders in Jora Falls Camp.
7. Women Grinding Grain at Tete.

8. Woman Water-Carrier at Tete.
9. Building a Beacon round the Base of a Baobab-Tree, Mazoe River.

WITH THE ANGLO - PORTUGUESE BOUNDARY COMMISSION IN EAST AFRICA.

From Photographs by Surgeon-Captain Rayner, Royal Horse Guards, and Lieutenant C. H. Brown, R.E.

FILIPINO GENERALS OPERATING AGAINST THE UNITED STATES AROUND MANILA.



GENERAL GARCIA.



GENERAL DEL PILAR.

Like the philanthropist in private life, the philanthropic nation has its steps dogged with disappointments; and Americans, six months ago, would have laughed in the face of anyone who had foretold that they would now have something like forty thousand troops in the Philippines, no longer to liberate the native population from the Spaniards, but to keep in check the native population itself. Generals Garcia, Del Pilar, Forres, and Mascardo have rallied their forces round Manila. They have been "insurgents" so long that they cannot easily take any other rôle; and Spain, amid her troubles, may

be permitted one smile at the accusations brought by the natives against their masters, whether Spanish or American, with monotonous impartiality. Many of the posts of the Filipinos have been captured by General Wheaton and others, not without loss of life. Boats laden with provisions have been confiscated, and something like two thousand prisoners have been taken. The town of Pasig, held by four thousand insurgents, was captured, and four hundred Filipinos were killed. That may be regarded as the climax of the opposition to American rule; and recent advices received in New York outline an agreement with

Aguinaldo, and predict an early day for a treaty of peace. Commander Cowper, of H.M.S. *Plover*, has been playing the unofficial peace-maker. Besides securing the release of a British captive, Mr. Bernard Cogan, he crossed the lines at Iloilo, and addressed over a dozen of the rebel leaders in favour of American rule. The Americans, he explained, were Americans; and the Spaniards were Spaniards. The leaders, who treated his representations with courtesy, replied that America was not as good as her word, and that they must stand or fall to the end with Aguinaldo and the Island of Luzon.



GENERAL FORRES.



GENERAL MASCARDO.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

After a brief pause in Westminster Abbey, the body of Lord Herschell, brought from New York to Portsmouth on board H.M.S. *Talbot*, was borne for burial to Clyffe, near Dorchester. Lady Herschell, who survives her husband, was the third daughter of Mr. Edward Leigh Kindersley, of Clyffe, and she married in the year 1876. The other

"Holidays, and how to enjoy them," was the title of an address delivered last Saturday night at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street. "Holidays, and how to get them," might have been a still more attractive theme; but, as it was, a large audience listened to Lady Battersea, whose practical benevolence gives her a right of speech not always exercised by the didactic instructor. A lecture Lady Battersea's address undoubtedly was in the severest sense. To begin with, she strongly deprecated the action of "those who sat by the sea and wasted valuable time by idly throwing pebbles into the water." This has always been supposed to be a rather favourite habit with poets and philosophers, and some of the obvious imagery in their writings supports the popular belief; but, be that as it may, the workman who has been cooped up in a city factory or warehouse for all the year but an odd day or two, can hardly be accused of wasting the time he spends in merely breathing the ozone and sunning himself by the sea. He ought, in Lady Battersea's opinion, to read Sir Walter Scott and "to educate the mind by observing the names of streets and all characteristics of the place he visits." At present an acquaintance with the names of thoroughfares does not constitute a very liberal education; but, if this movement for the improvement of the mind in holidays is to proceed, no doubt our street nomenclature will be reconsidered by municipalities, and will be turned into a collection of aphoristic brevities, with a bias for mental and moral maxims. Moderation in bicycle-riding was also prescribed by Lady Battersea to her working-men hearers; but as to that, one is tempted to end as one began, with the formula "First get your bicycle."



CLYFFE, NEAR DORCHESTER, WHERE LORD HERSCHELL'S FUNERAL TOOK PLACE.

chief mourners at Clyffe this week were the three children of this marriage, Richard Farrer, the present Lord Herschell, who was born in 1878, and his two sisters, Agnes Freda and Muriel Fanny, both of whom are under twenty years of age.

While Mr. Cecil Rhodes is delighted with his visit to the Emperor William, and has secured permission for his Cairo to Capetown railway to pass through German territory, President Kruger himself has made a statement on which a good many hopes will be built. Once again the President has promised to do something towards giving fair representative government in the Transvaal. The electoral law, as everybody knows, now stipulates for a residence of fourteen years on the part of a citizen ambitious to rank as a burgher—two before he can be naturalised, two more before he can enter the second Raad, and ten more before he can vote or be eligible for the first Raad. The President proposes to submit to the Volksraad in May a measure reducing this period of ten years to five, so that an alien will have to wait only nine years for full citizenship—a not light period of probation, one would suppose. But such aliens, to use the President's inhospitable term, must first of all take an oath of allegiance to the Republic similar to that employed in the United States.

The navy of Japan owes another large ironclad to the shipyards of Great Britain. This is the vessel built by the Clydebank Engineering and Shipbuilding Company, Limited, and at its launch the other day, given the name of *Asahi* by Madame Kato, the wife of the Japanese Minister. On the block she weighed 7500 tons; and her armament consists of four 12-in. and fourteen 6-in. guns, twenty 12-pounders, as well as smaller ordnance, and four submerged torpedo-tubes. She is particularly adapted for ramming, and she wears a main belt of armour over 8 ft. deep and 9 in. thick. Not even Japan, it seems, will listen to the voice that pleads for a stay in the increase of the world's armaments; certainly not England, and certainly not France.

Nobody can exactly number the victims of the fire at the Windsor Hotel, New York; but if a dozen half-charred bodies have been rescued from the ruins of that improvised crematorium, and if fifty more visitors are known to be "missing," the dead may not be counted at much below a hundred, and there are fifty names on the list of the seriously injured. The hotel is now denounced as a "fire-trap," and it certainly behaved accordingly. While guests were, for the most part, looking out of the windows at the St. Patrick's Day procession, a sudden roar was heard, and the arteries of the hotel were choked with smoke and flame. The stories of women jumping from fourth-floor windows, to be dashed to pieces on pavements, or spiked on railings, are all the more pitiful when one knows that by proper precautions the safety of all might have been secured. English visitors for the most part escaped; but, even so, the fire will probably deter many a traveller from running a like risk in other American hotels said to resemble very closely the burnt-out Windsor. Certainly, a city which encourages private citizens to live in hotels rather than in houses ought to be foremost in its arrangements for the escape of all, even the aged and the young; and with the external aid of a fire brigade that was always the admiration of Captain Shaw, the losses by fire in New York ought to be reduced to a minimum. A match thrown, while still alight, on to a curtain by a careless smoker is said to have been the cause of a disaster which recalls the horrors of the Paris conflagration at the Charity Bazaar. Yet it, happily, differs from that catastrophe in one important particular—in New York, even when panic ruled over the rush to escape, it was observable that women were everywhere accorded the first chance. A later rumour states that the fire was the work of thieves.

The Queen of Spain has proved herself to be Spain's best patriot by signing the Peace Treaty with the United States. The task was shirked by her Ministers; and on herself she has taken the responsibility, with all the odium it may entail among men whose national vanity the Treaty disturbs, while they nevertheless depend upon its benefits. No statesman in Spain will be able to twit his rival with a signature set to this document of supposed indignity; and the Queen, in acting for the nation, has not only shown her personal courage, but has done something to illustrate the uses of a sovereignty that is set above the humours and passions of the polling booth.

The Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association on its fortieth birthday can boast that it continues and increases its good work of providing water for thirsty man and beast. With Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton, of the Grenadier Guards, as its chairman, and Captain Simpson, of the same

regiment, as its secretary, a committee is now actively engaged in getting for the Association the more active interest of vestries and other local bodies. As it is, the Association pays £2000 a year for the water drunk at its seven hundred fountains and three hundred troughs. This means that, in the case of three of the fountains, during twenty-four consecutive hours, no fewer than 18,000 men, women, and children came to drink; while a similar observation of three troughs showed that 8000 animals approached to quench their thirst. Something like £6000 a year is required to keep up the work on its present scale.

Considerable interest is being taken in the mission of the messenger-boy Jaggers, who was "run up" in the usual way and despatched to carry letters to Chicago. The boy has been commissioned by an American, at present in this country, who had often employed him, and, admiring his smartness, had made a bet about his ability to beat the ordinary Transatlantic mails. The boy was called up on March 10, and sailed on the *St. Louis* from Southampton the following day. At 11.30 a.m., on March 18, he



THE NEW JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "ASAHI," LAUNCHED ON THE CLYDE ON MARCH 13.

arrived; and was, of course, pounced upon by the inevitable crowd of reporters, who succeeded only in frightening him into silence. He admitted a bad passage (and *mal-de-mere*). The Customs officers did not detain the boy more than a few minutes. He landed and proceeded in a cab to West Thirtieth Street, where he delivered his first letter, beating the mail. At three he left for Chicago, in advance of the mails, to deliver his second letter, and thence went on to Philadelphia to complete his commission. He is only fourteen and of diminutive size, so it is to be hoped that the experiment will not overtax his strength. The trial is interesting enough, no doubt, but that the thing should be done merely to afford a sensation to men who have money to stake seems a somewhat inadequate motive for subjecting a child to the continuous strain of nearly three weeks' travelling. For Jaggers had to get back to New York by March 22 to catch the return boat.

The distrust of the boilers of the unfortunate *Terrible* has been heightened not only by the recent disastrous explosion, but by the behaviour of boilers of a similar class on board the new cruiser *Niobe*. The *Niobe*, a vessel of the *Powerful* type, during her sixty hours' steam trial in the English Channel developed serious defects in her condenser and one of her boilers. Repairs were undertaken at Devonport. This will constitute further powder and shot for Mr. William Allan, of Gateshead, who has given forth no uncertain sound on this important naval matter. We may increase our tonnage as we will, but let us see that the boilers of our fleet be reliable.

To America of the Stars and Stripes belongs the enviable renown of a newly reported discovery in the skies—that of a ninth satellite to Saturn. From Flagstaff, too, in Arizona the tidings come; Professor Pickering being the astronomer who has made the lucky find, and this by means of photography. The distance of the satellite from its primary—some seven and a half millions of miles—and its slow periods of revolution—some seventeen months—account for its previous success in passing unobserved. It is a satellite of middle size, being between one and two hundred miles in diameter.

The tomb of Mary Queen of Scots was set up in the south aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, by James I., who transferred thither the body of his mother

from its first burying-place in the Cathedral at Peterborough. Something like a quarter of a century had elapsed between her death and the completion of this memorial; for though a royal warrant ordered the payment of £825 to Cornelius Cure, the master mason in the year 1607, the full design of the tomb, to cost £2000, was not shown to the King till 1611. In the white marble effigy, the Queen, whose contemporary portraits survive only to contradict each other and to baffle all modern judgments on her beauty, wears a long mantle, fastened by a brooch, a close cap, and a laced ruff. At her feet, guarding her in death, as it never guarded her in life, is the Scottish lion crowned; and over all the solid sarcophagus is an elaborate canopy which, until now, has at least kept the photographer at bay, our reproduction being, we believe, that of the first photograph in those "glorious glooms" ever successfully taken.

Near at hand, in that great "temple of reconciliation," is the tomb of Queen Elizabeth herself, also set up, and in much the same style, by James I., the greatly forgiving. In Queen Mary's vault itself are the ashes of other unfortunates—of the Lady Arabella Stuart, imprisoned to madness by James I.—himself in need of the forgiveness he gave—and brought by night, after her death, from the Tower to the Abbey, her body being placed "with no solemnity" upon the coffin of Mary Stuart. There, too, was laid to rest, after a life of woes, Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and wife of the luckless "Winter King" of Bohemia. Several royal children, too, are there interred, happy in comparison, one supposes, to have died young, four children of Charles I., of the number, including the Princess Anne, of whom Evelyn

PORTRAIT-STATURE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON HER TOMB IN HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

writes: "Being told to pray by those about her at the last, 'I am not able,' saith she, 'to say my long prayer (meaning the Lord's Prayer); but I will say my short one—Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.' This done, the little lamb (who was but four) "gave up the ghost."

The Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice are likely to be at loggerheads about legislation on secret commissions. The question is as intricate as it can be; for between the tip that is given, as tips usually are, in confidence, and the secret commission is a line so fine that even sharp eyes might easily be led into a confusion. So thinks the Lord Chancellor; and it was amusing the other evening to watch the sword-play of words passing between the Earl of Halsbury and Lord Russell of Killowen at the friendly board of the Chambers of Commerce, with the new American Ambassador as looker-on. Lord Russell of Killowen referred to his little Bill—on the details of which he is still in close confidence with Sir Edward Fry—and the company cheered sympathetically. But when Lord Halsbury rose, he could not resist a little rhetoric about a refusal to put "Commerce into shackles." "Who wants to?" interposed a voice, which was not Lord Russell's. This little passage of words prefigures the longer passages which will be heard in another place. Already, indeed, the voices of Commercial Unions and of Central Exchanges are beginning to be heard in the land: all in favour of the war against the secret commission, except only Belfast, which, like Lord Halsbury, is all for caution.

Lest London be visited with a scourge such as that which rendered Maidstone a veritable city of plague, we do well to look to our water supply. The Public Health and Water Committees of the London County Council have issued a report emphasising the importance of introducing water from Wales, and show that the causes which led to the typhoid epidemic in Maidstone have a parallel in the conditions of the London water supply. The risks of pollution in the Thames are shown in the report to arise from two main causes—(1) From the discharge into the river of sewage above the intakes of the water companies, and (2) from incomplete filtration, due to the inability of the water companies' filters to remove all organisms, especially in times of frost or when filters are first used after being cleansed. The risks

in the Lea Valley are similar, perhaps greater. Such being the state of matters, householders do well to take every precautionary measure. It is a first necessity that drinking water be boiled or filtered.

Despite many adverse criticisms, the affairs of England in China are not being neglected. For instance, an important mission in charge of a Lieutenant and Surgeon of the Royal



PUTTING TOGETHER THE SECTIONS OF THE SHALLOW DRAUGHT GUN-BOAT "WOODCOCK," WHICH IS TO SERVE ON THE YANGTSE-KIANG.

Navy has been preparing at Shanghai, for a band of British tars are to patrol the Yangtse-Kiang on board the gun-boat *Woodcock*. This vessel was sent out in sections to Shanghai, where she was rebuilt in twenty-three and a half days.

A new Thames Tunnel is to be constructed, this time to the east of the Tower Bridge. It will connect Shadwell with Rotherhithe, and will be a special convenience to the promoters claim—to nearly a million and a half of people. The length will be a mile and a quarter, and over £2,000,000 will be the cost of the construction, inclusive of the three-quarters of a million requisite for the purchase of land and for the rehousing of the poor who are displaced by the carrying out of the plans.

The taxameter cab was bound to come to London. Other capitals have preceded England's in the employment of an instrument which will mark the revolutions of the wheel and register the mileage so that the passenger may read it and reckon his fare accordingly. The fifty cabs whose drivers are proclaimed by their white beaver hats may raise a smile from comrades of dingier headgear; but, even among cabmen, the laugh is at last with those who win the most custom. Already the taxameter cab has a secured popularity; and the experience of its driver is not a wholly dismal one in the matter of "tips." An extra sixpence is not always denied him. The truth is that whereas without a register of distance the pessimist passenger gives more than his fare in the fear that he may otherwise be underpaying and thus provoking a dispute, the optimist passenger, who always gives himself the advantage, minimises the distance and imagines that he is doing the benefactor when, in fact, he is paying only what is strictly due.



THE TAXAMETER FOR INDICATING CAB FARES.

To both these classes the taxameter will be an instructor; and the cabman, if he loses in one case will gain in another. For the really needy person who is obliged to take a cab, and for the country cousin, the advantage and security given by the registration of distance are an obvious gain; and the cabman will increase his custom—from class whose confidence the taxameter has come to restore. These are considerations which ought to abate the hostility with which the introduction of the taxameter has been greeted by the Cabmen's Union.

MILITARY OPERATIONS IN SIERRA LEONE: SCENES IN THE KISSI COUNTRY.

From Sketches by Lieutenant Rambaut, R.A.

Operations for the pacification of Sierra Leone are still being vigorously prosecuted by the West India Regiment. A detachment of that force, under Major Blunt, was recently reported to have left Bandajuma for Freetown, where it was expected to arrive about the beginning of the present month. Sir F. Cardew and his suite had, about the same time, visited the Bandajuma district, where he proclaimed a general amnesty and the remission of all arrears of hut-tax. Bandajuma is situated in the south-eastern portion of the British colony of Sierra Leone, and is distant from the coast about thirty-three miles. The pictures on this page represent some of the operations in the district around Kissi, a town on the coast three miles south-east of Freetown, the capital of the colony.

Our first Illustration of fighting in the Kissi country shows a rush up-hill on a very narrow path to take a stockade, which usually defends all chief towns in the Kissi country. The attack must be made in single file, as these stockades are always built in the narrowest part of the path. Here the Englishman must give the black man the lead. The stockades are made of two rows of trunks about one foot apart. The space between is filled with stones. The whole is very strong, and has only a narrow door, well barricaded. This class of bush-fighting becomes wearisome to all concerned. The path is always narrow; consequently, single file order must be adopted. Almost every hour a gun goes off at some one or other in the column—sometimes in front, then



RUSHING A STOCKADE.

again in the middle of the column, or perhaps in rear. Even at night the enemy creep up to the camp and fire their guns, which are usually loaded up to the muzzle with all sorts of bits of iron, or "pot-legs," as the British call them.

Our second Illustration shows the manner of an action on the Meli River, also in the Kissi country. The force engaged was under Colonel Marshall, of the West India Regiment. The column had no sooner come out of the bush and discovered the river than a brisk fusilade began from the thick brush on the opposite bank. After the seven-pounder and repeated volleys had been fired, a ford was found and a path cut in the brush opposite. It will be remembered that last April, when the situation resulting from the hut-tax disturbances grew critical, the West India Regiment was brought up to help in restoring order. Between that time and September a West African Regiment was raised, and the back of the rebellion was broken last November when Bai Bureh, the leader, was captured in the Karene district. The Imperial Commissioner, Sir David Chalmers, has full powers, and is specially directed to inquire into the causes of the insurrection and the general affairs of the colony and protectorate. He was to inquire into the allegations representing the hut-tax and the brutality of the native police as causes of the rebellion, and to seek for other motives for the outbreak. He was to inquire also into the best methods of administration and of establishing stable government.



ACTION ON MELI RIVER UNDER COLONEL MARSHALL, WEST INDIA REGIMENT: THE SEVEN-POUNDER IN ACTION.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



THE OXFORD CREW.

Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



R. H. SANDERSON
(First Trinity.)



J. D. GOLDILocks
(Third Trinity)



N. L. CALVERT
(Trinity Hall.)



W. DUDLEY WARD
(Third Trinity.)



J. H. GIBBON
(Third Trinity), Stroke.



J. E. PAYNE
(Peterhouse.)



R. B. LEATHERINGTON-SMITH
(First Trinity.)



W. H. CHAPMAN
(Third Trinity), Bow.



G. A. LLOYD
(Clare College.)

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

Photographs by Stearn, Cambridge.



1. Bridge over the River Kau, near Town of Kansk.
2. Petrovskova, a Typical Station on the Central Siberian Line.
3. Bridge over the River Rybnaya, near Krasnoyarsk.

4. Siberian Gold-Mining Camp in the Yeniseisk Government.
5. Building a Bridge: Pile-Drivers in the Background; in Foreground, Winter Covers for Men working at Piers.

6. An Accident; a frequent Occurrence in the early Days of the Line.
7. Irkutsk Railway Station—the First Train from the West on Aug. 28, 1893; Irkutsk is seen in the Distance, Angara between.

SCENES ON THE NEW TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Sir Robert Peel from his Private Papers.* Edited by Charles S. Parker. Vols. II.—III. (John Murray.)
Democracy and Liberty. By William E. H. Lecky. Cabinet Edition. Two vols. (Longmans.)
Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic. By T. W. Higginson. (Harrington.)
A Central Indian Empress. Chiefly from the *Sanscrit of Bhartrihari.* By Paul E. More. (Harpers.)
The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S. By his wife, Isabel Burton. Edited, with a Preface, by W. H. Wilkins, M.A. New Edition. (Duckworth.)
Provisioning Armies in the Field. By Colonel George Armand Furse, C.B. (Clowes.)

In 1857, seven years after the death of the Sir Robert Peel, his literary executors issued the second and concluding volume of a very interesting contribution to what may be called his political autobiography. In it he described the part which he played in carrying the Catholic Emancipation, giving next an account of his first Premiership of 1834–35, and closing with a rather elaborate record of the chief circumstances connected with his Repeal of the Corn Laws. In all three cases his own statements and explanations of policy were accompanied by what the French call *pices justifications*, consisting largely of his contemporary correspondence with his political friends and allies, for the publication of whose letters to him permission has been previously obtained. In the preface to the concluding volume of these memoirs, his executors (Earl Stanhope and Lord Cardwell, both of whom have since joined the majority) expressed their intention of publishing selections from Sir Robert Peel's political correspondence, which would serve as a sequel to the Memoirs drawn up by himself. Their intention was not carried out, but the execution of a contribution to Peel's political biography on a far larger scale was afterwards entrusted by the statesman's trustees, the late Viscount Hardinge and Sir Robert's son, Viscount Peel, to Mr. Charles S. Parker, the scholarly and accomplished ex-M.P. for Perth, whose performance of the duty proves him to have been in every way qualified to discharge it. Volume I. of Mr. Parker's "Sir Robert Peel from his Private Papers," was published in 1891, and included a sketch of the Peel family and of Sir Robert's early life, followed by extracts from his papers illustrative of his official, Parliamentary, and political career from 1812 to 1827. The work is now completed by the issue of Vols. II. and III., which comprise the period between the death of Canning in 1827 and that of Peel himself in 1850. All three volumes consist mainly of the political correspondence of Peel with his colleagues when in office, and with his political friends and allies when in opposition. This correspondence, always frank on both sides, and often animated, is adequately elucidated by the succinct connecting narrative and judicious comments and explanations which Mr. Parker has furnished. The work, as completed, is almost a political and Parliamentary history of England during nearly forty eventful years, and it is a history not compiled retrospectively, but narrated contemporaneously by many of the chief actors deeply interested in the events described. The new volumes cover, of course, the ground traversed by Peel himself in his memoirs already referred to, but with a much extended area, since they include Peel's relations to the first Reform Bill and, above all, a minute documentary record of his Administration of 1841–46, which fell with his Repeal of the Corn Laws. In his own memoir on that memorable legislative achievement, his statements and quotations from his correspondence with his colleagues threw tolerably ample light on the difficulties of his position when he had come to the conclusion that the Corn Laws must be repealed. But there were several interesting episodes in the story of Corn Law Repeal which could not well be made public until more than half a century had elapsed since the event itself, and probably a consideration of this kind has delayed until now the publication of Volumes II. and III., which in his preface to Volume I. in 1891 Mr. Parker promised to issue "shortly." For instance, in the MS. of Peel's memoir on the Repeal of the Corn Laws, there were copies of letters from the Queen containing repeated assurances of her warm sympathy with him and of her moral support of his policy during the final struggle which resulted in Corn Law Repeal. These, when publishing the memoirs in 1857, Peel's executors omitted. "The events," Mr. Parker says, "were then too recent, and many of the actors were then on the stage." But by her Majesty's gracious permission not only are these letters now published, but with them, by the same permission, kindly letters of other years from the Queen and the Prince Consort to Sir Robert Peel. Numerous other letters, hitherto unpublished, from the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Gladstone among others, are given in these volumes, and will be invaluable to the future historian. But unequalled in what Mr. Parker calls "dramatic and personal interest" are the brief and encouraging communications of her Majesty to her harassed Prime Minister.

The issue of a "Cabinet Edition" of the latest and not the least remarkable of Mr. Lecky's works will bring it within the reach of many who were deterred from purchasing the previous highly priced editions, a second of which was nevertheless called for only three months after the issue of the first in 1896. In these non-political columns a criticism of Mr. Lecky's estimate of the past, present, and future of the influence of Democracy on Liberty would obviously be out of place. But for the benefit of readers who know the book only by report, it seems desirable to say that there is a great deal in it which is valuable and interesting, apart from Mr. Lecky's political philosophy. Its title gives no conception of the wealth and variety of its contents. On many of the subjects which Mr. Lecky deals with there are more or less elaborate treatises. But it is not going too far to say that there is no modern book in the English language which gives so much authentic information on the historical growth of so many of the chief existing institutions and social arrangements of civilised mankind, say, from the marriage laws of Pagan and Christian Europe to the latest little known and very curious developments of local self-government in the United States of

America. Moreover, when treating of the opinions of thinkers and theorists with whom he disagrees, Mr. Lecky is as impartial as he is instructive, reporting them with the utmost fidelity, and so often giving the very words in which the thoughts and theories are expressed by the holders of the opinions themselves—in the chapters on Socialism this is specially noticeable—that the reader has generally ample data before him from which to draw his own conclusions. The amount of reading and research required for the production of such a book must have been, literally, enormous, and may be partly estimated from the number and precision of the references given to original authorities. To this new edition Mr. Lecky prefixes an introduction, chiefly remarkable as containing an elaborate estimate of Mr. Gladstone's character, intellectual and ethical, in connection with his political career. It is allowable to quote from Mr. Lecky's pages on this subject a mild and non-political witicism from a quarter whence witicisms of any kind were scarcely to be expected. After saying that, with the exception of Sir Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Gladstone was "probably more learned in matters unconnected with politics than any other Cabinet Minister," Mr. Lecky gives it as his opinion that the field of modern scientific discovery seemed out of the versatile statesman's range, and as an illustration tells the following anecdote: "An intimate friend of Faraday once described to me how when Faraday was endeavouring to explain to Gladstone and several others an important new discovery in science, Gladstone's only commentary was, 'But, after all, what use is it?' 'Why, Sir,' replied Faraday, 'there is every probability that you will soon be able to tax it!'"!

Mr. Higginson is one of the most prolific of American authors, and there are few departments of literature to which he has not contributed. His new volume is evidently intended for young people, and he has rewritten for them in an attractive way a number of legends more or less connected with Atlantic islands, real and imaginary. His range is wide, extending from the fabled Atlantis of Plato to the sixteenth-century *Ponce de Leon's* quest of the Fountain of Youth in the equally fabulous island of Bimini, which is nowhere to be found among the Bahamas. For Celtic legend Mr. Higginson has levied contributions on Lady Charlotte Guest's delightful "Mabinogion," and on the Arthurian cycle; in one of the tales taken from the latter the fair fame of Vivien—or, as Mr. Higginson spells it, Vivian—being vindicated against Tennyson, and she is said to have been to Merlin, rather a beloved younger sister than anything else." The amount and variety of the marvellous and the stories of romantic adventure in Mr. Higginson's volume will commend it to many young readers. Children of a larger growth than those for whom the book has been written will find in Mr. Higginson's notes a good deal that is interesting respecting the sources of the legends which he has worked up for the entertainment of their juniors.

A countryman of Mr. Higginson, Mr. More, wrote, some years ago, a somewhat mystical little book, in which he recorded the mental experiences of "A Dreamer in Gotham." He showed in it that keen appreciation of Oriental wisdom which is so visible in the later writings of Emerson, a stanza from whose very significant poem, "Brahma," Mr. More has, without naming its author, chosen as the epigraph of his dainty little volume. "Epigrams" scarcely indicates the character of the meditations of the ancient Hindu sage, which, doubtless with the aid of Boehcning's German translation, Mr. More has freely rendered in pleasing English verse. They are reflections on "the vanity of human wishes," on the illusiveness of worldly pleasures, of ambition, and woman's love, and on the peace of mind to be obtained only by devout and solitary meditation, far from the busy haunts of men. The tone and tenor of these so-called "epigrams" are, therefore, in complete contrast to the epicurean agnosticism of Omar Khayyām. Mr. More's translation shows considerable poetic power. In a long dedicatory letter to an old college friend, he discourses in an able, scholarly, and suggestive fashion on Hindu thought and its expression in their relation to those of the Greeks and Romans and of both the medieval and the modern European.

Burton, as Mr. W. H. Wilkins says in his preface to the new and more popular edition of the much discussed "Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton," was too big a man for the conventions of his age. He was born three centuries too late. And yet, now that controversy is being gradually stilled, and his many-sided personality is beginning to stand where and how it ought in the age's vision, is it easy to measure the enrichment it has meant to the mind and the imagination of Britain? "How great a good was Luria's having lived!" Is he not one of the few men to think of whom makes the decline of the century seem spacious? A new and complex Ulysses in a day when scope and space for a Ulysses there seemed no more! A mere Consul no longer, but a fine figure whose very name seems to join the East and West. Lady Burton's "Life" is, of course, neither a complete nor a great one; its worth is that with spirit, stress, and affection it softens and humanises the figure which the world knew, so to speak, in the rough—though the rough was animating and vital. For the rest, he who kindles the imagination of a people has, for the time at least, the greatest of all biographers.

Colonel Furse, as an officer of the line (the Black Watch), is aware that a transport officer could best deal with the momentous problem of provisioning armies. In the absence of this experience, he has fallen back on history; but that makes his book none the less valuable to the lay reader and supplementary to a mere technical treatise. Our knowledge of the subject as gained from Rome is practically nil. Hence Colonel Furse starts with Gustavus Adolphus; passes in review Frederick the Great, Napoleon (1796–1812), Wellington in the Peninsula, the Crimean War and the Mutiny, the American Civil War, the Franco-German War, our campaigns in Abyssinia, Ashantee, and the Nile. The last two chapters deal with the modern system of provisioning armories.

A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, MARCH 23, 1899.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new book, "The Fowler," will be published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons on April 8, and it is pretty certain to be one of the most successful books of the season. The story is more than one hundred thousand words in length—about five times as long as "Ships that Pass in the Night"—and is, therefore, Miss Harraden's longest and most important work. Mr. Frank Dodd publishes the book simultaneously in New York.

There is to be a Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton. It will be written by Mr. George Somes Layard, who wrote the "Life of Charles Keene." The executors of the late novelist have placed all Mrs. Linton's papers in Mr. Layard's hands, including a large number of letters from Walter Savage Landor, Charles Dickens, and other distinguished men. When it is remembered that Mrs. Linton spent the early years of her married life at Brantwood, Coniston, where she was succeeded by Mr. Ruskin, and that for a long time she occupied Gad's Hill, where she was succeeded by Charles Dickens, and that she knew all the most interesting men and women of her generation, the biography, if only it be kept within modest dimensions, should be a very successful book.

Many surmises were excited by the number of cablegrams forwarded to Mr. Kipling on his illness from authors in England. Such an expenditure of pin-money on the part of certain excellent women-writers seemed a little bit staggering at the first blush. One of them cabled to tell a man who was practically unconscious and thought to be dying that he was to get well for the sake of India—not for the sake of his wife and family, or because in the ordinary course of things he had many years of life's interests in front of him. The popular male novelist and the successful actor one understood, of course: a cablegram, although costly, would not be a serious drain upon their resources. Now, however, everything is explained, and the explanation excuses an otherwise jarring note in the sympathy called forth by the illness of one of our most distinguished writers. It was an enterprising New York Sunday paper that rained down prepaid cablegrams upon these numerous ladies and gentlemen. They could scarcely do otherwise than answer them, and one or two may be excused if, in the hurry of answering, they sent messages that were not in the very best taste.

Mr. Henley is well advanced with the second volume of his *Byron*, although many delays caused by his illness have necessarily been very much to the disadvantage of the publishers, in face of the rival edition that has been produced with so much vigour and effect by Mr. John Murray and Mr. Rowland Prothero. It is, however, the intention of Mr. Heinemann to continue Mr. Henley's edition at all costs, and I am quite satisfied that in the end he will find his edition of *Byron* a thorough success. One should no more regret having two sets of *Byron* in one's library than two sets of *Shakspeare*, when one of them contains the admirable material that Mr. Prothero has been able to bring together, and the other the notes of so remarkable an individuality. It is among the many pleasant amenities of modern literary life that Mr. Henley has received great courtesy from both Mr. Murray and Mr. Prothero during the progress of his *Byron* investigations.

A correspondent in the *Academy* suggests that a new Life of Thackeray that is announced is necessarily "supererogatory"—I use the critic's own disagreeable word. I am not in the least disposed to accept this view. It is, of course, very possible that the Mr., Mrs., or Miss Melville who is to write a Life of Thackeray will produce a piece of bookmaking exceedingly unsatisfactory to all of us who admire Thackeray. It is not, however, utterly impossible that this writer might produce a book which would give unequalled pleasure. There is no Life of Thackeray that commands itself, although there is an immense mass of miscellaneous material for such a Life. Mrs. Ritchie, chained by her father's instructions that no Life of him should appear, has compromised in such a way that the admirable introductions that she has furnished to the latest edition of Thackeray, although profoundly interesting, are rather material for a Life than a genuine Life. I have not the faintest doubt that some enthusiast could bring together an enormous mass of material that is very little known, including the many Thackeray letters that are scattered about. Mrs. Ritchie's printed material would have to be used, and, indeed, only Smith and Elder could publish; but a most astonishingly interesting Life of Thackeray might be the result, and this without touching a single unprinted document. There was published in these columns some five years ago, for example, an article on Thackeray at Oxford, by one who took part in his election contest—a most vivid picture of Thackeray under peculiar circumstances; and other similar Thackeray material comes to one's mind. But then, the biographer would need very special gifts of style and of insight. It is not, of course, probable that some unknown person who is said to be writing a Life of Thackeray possesses these qualifications; it is, however, rather hard on him, or her, to pre-judge the book.

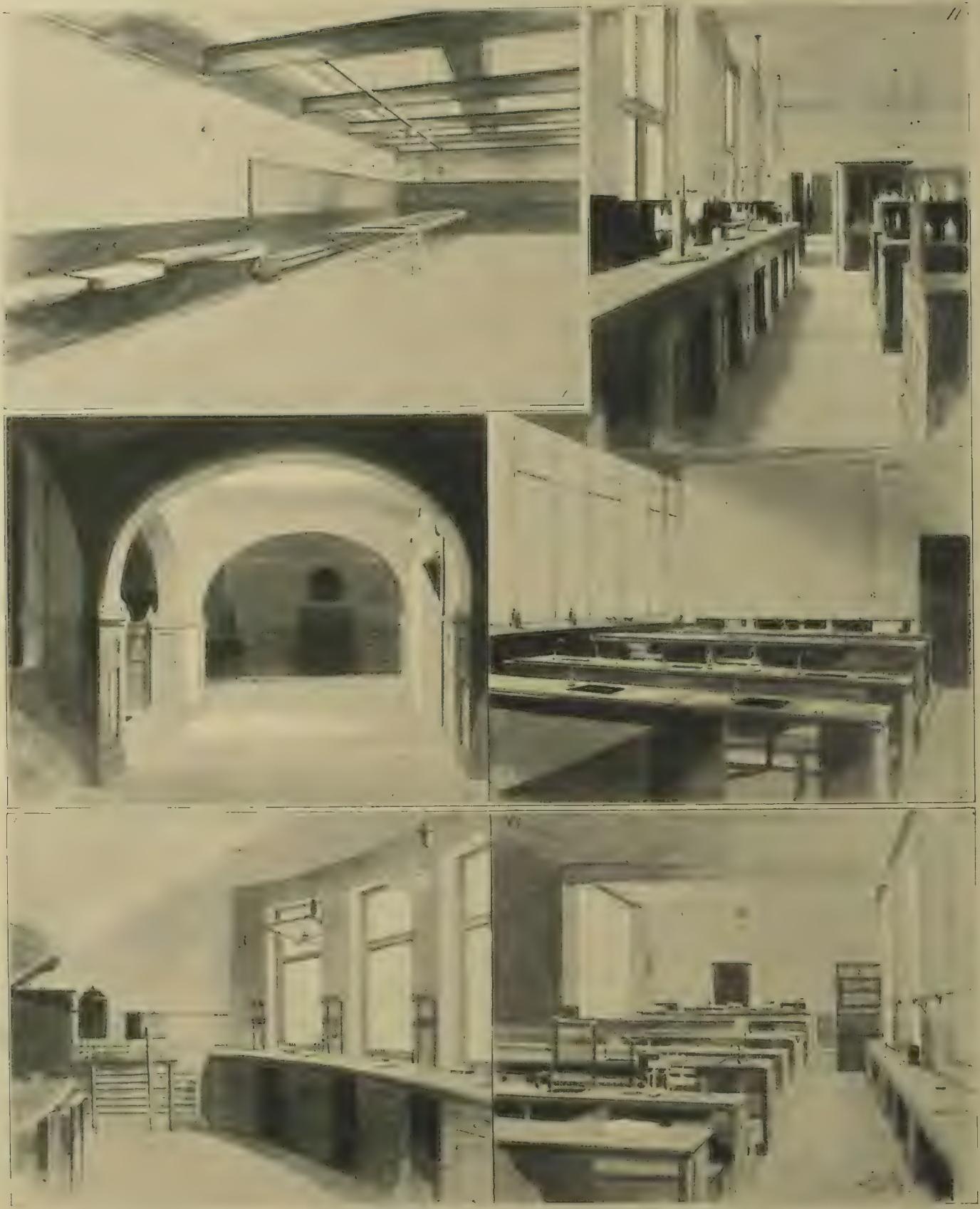
Mr. Silas K. Hocking, the popular novelist, writes to me to say that he did mention Jane Austen in his lecture before the Pioneer Club, and that he did not mention "The Christian"—the exact opposite of what my informant stated. And yet this informant was a devoted admirer of Mr. Hocking, to whom, however, my apologies are due. But thus is history written— even before our eyes.

Mr. William Brown, the bookseller, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, purchased all the valuable Scott letters that were sold at Sotheby's the other day. Mr. Brown has some idea of making a book out of them. There is particular interest in Scott's correspondent, his brother Thomas, on account of the once widespread belief that he was really the author of the *Waverley Novels*, two books having been written to prove the point. C. K. S.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: NO. XII.—MARAS, OR PATAGONIAN CAVIES.

BY LASCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.



1. Dissecting-Room.
2. Chemical Laboratory.

3. Entrance Hall.
4. Pathological and Bacteriological Laboratory.

5. Bacteriological Research Laboratory.
6. Physiological Laboratory

NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE MEDICAL SCHOOL AT MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

The new buildings, designed by Mr. Keith Young, were begun in the summer of 1897, and were opened on March 15 with a conversazione, to the success of which the excellent arrangements of Mr. F. Clare Melhado, secretary to the council, materially contributed. The guests included Sir William Crookes, Sir William Broadbent, and many others eminent in the world of science. The buildings consist of two main blocks, one facing into the hospital garden, the other into Union Street. In the garden block one finds the department of chemistry, on the ground-floor: a large room furnished for the practical work of organic and inorganic chemistry, accommodating thirty-five students; a large lecture-room, available also for lantern demonstrations, accommodating fifty students; and a private room beyond for the Lecturer in Chemistry. Above, on the first floor, is the department of pathology, containing a large class-room,

arranged both for practical work and for lectures, and a bacteriological laboratory for advanced work.

The mezzanine floor provides the anatomist's private room, a dark room for photography, and other accommodation. In the basement there are three anatomical rooms, and these are connected by an electric lift with the dissecting-room on the top floor. The dissecting-room, seventy-five feet long, is warmed with hot water, ventilated with electric fans, and lighted from skylights, and also by movable pendants of electric light. The floor is of terrazzo stone, the tables are of glass, and the walls are panelled with slate for the purposes of demonstration. On the same floor are the demonstrator's private room and a large room for the teaching of operative surgery.

The Union Street block, connected by a subway with the garden buildings, but having a separate staircase,

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PART I.—HORSES	PAGES 12-76	PART III.—BIRDS	113-130
PART II.—DOGS	77-112	PART IV.—CATTLE	131-170

PREFACE.

THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure, or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Softness is the key-note of the spring's fashions. Already how vulgar and objectionable seem in recollection the stiffened skirts and huge sleeves of the other day! The up-to-date modiste is trying her utmost to make her clients



CLOTH DRESS TRIMMED WITH BRAID.

look as if drawn through a ring to the knees and a little lower, then she lets her skirt all round flow softly and fully forth; sleeves are as tight as they can be, cuffs are narrow, and fall as if pressed over the wrists. To balance the arrangement, the new hats are inclined to width, the front and flowing plumes fall over the edge, while flowers in great quantities disport themselves rather in breadth than height of arrangement. Turbans of tulle, trimmed with flowers, are seen at the milliner's, and so are some specimens of high steeple-crowned hats, but if they will be liked and adopted is yet hidden in futurity. At the moment, the swathing, wide, turban-like tulle or muslin

is best bought.

Straw hats are coming out with the spring flowers in many varieties of colour. As many as three tones may be seen mixed in one shape—as mauve, deep violet and green, or pale blue and navy blue with straw yellow. For the present velvet appears as trimming a good deal on spring millinery. It is combined with tulle and flowers, with the same fine disregard of what was once considered to be incongruous as the lace-decked fur capes of the winter have shown. The harmonising of the soft shading of velvet with the equally soft draping of tulle or chiffon is very successful. Thus, a leaf-green, sailor-shaped straw had the brim lined with velvet of a similar shade, and was swathed round the crown with a turban-like trimming of green tulle strapped over with black narrow ribbon velvet; a rich black ostrich feather curved across the crown, and a cluster of cowslips with black centres was set at the front of the brim. In another instance, a grey hat had the brim caught up at the left side with a bow of purple velvet, and clusters of violets at front and back, and three shaded purple feathers, one upright in the centre, the others, laid to either side, completed the trimming. Violets, though they have been so much used as to be a little vulgarised, are still most popular, and entire shapes for bonnets are seen covered with both these blossoms and cowslips. The shape of the floral chapeaux is either a toque or a flat plate cleft in the front where a mighty bow of gauze ribbon or chiffon stands up. Black and white, for which there is quite a mania, extends its power over the millinery. Straws are woven in shepherd's plaid, and wavy flat lines or cords of black straw meander round on a yellowish or dead-white foundation. The lace-straws that are so light and pretty for girls are coming out in a great variety of shapes; some of the brims are woven as elaborately and prettily patterned as any *dentelle*; moreover, lace-straw is being woven in strips of various widths to be used as trimming.

Everything about head-gear seems to be on an exaggerated scale; apart from the width and full arrangement of the trimming, the details are big—huge roses and pansies,

and poppies, and clusters of mimosa and sweet-pea, are ready for a little later on, and enormous fluffy rosettes of chiffon are used. Wings to stretch wide apart at the front of hats are not forgotten, the newest being stiff wings tipped and edged with that aspen of the feather world—marabout. This pretty feather, by the way, is now much worn in evenings, when some very smart women are accustomed to construct quite a little edifice with plumes, twists of chiffon, and diamond (or Parisian diamond) combs or aigrettes. Paste ornaments still glitter on most of the hats and toques, but gold ones are now again used.

Chiffon ends are provided to come from the backs of hats and fasten under the chin; and if you would have the latest and most becoming idea, let it take the form of such streamers, wide, but caught in for their full width by tiny diamond buckles at two places on each side; first where the strings separate over the back hair, and again just beneath the ear; then tie the ends in a loose full bow under your chin. At the Parisian Diamond Company's places, 83, New Bond Street, or 143, Regent Street, you can find a large choice of the sweetest little buckles for this and other millinery uses. Osprey aigrettes are by no means disused. Large numbers of the real plumes are introduced on to the market, but still, nine out of ten of the light upstanding aigrettes called by that name are in reality the product of ordinary domestic birds, the geese particularly, whose wing-feathers are manufactured into "osprey" aigrettes, so called, by the aid of art. Nothing else gives the same finishing touch of lightness as such an aigrette, but so much has been said of the cruelty of killing that particular bird that many women prefer to believe that the plume they get is artificial. New imitations of feathers, so far as the shape is concerned, are of chiffon or muslin, with the rib and edges of straw; such a chiffon feather, rising out of rosettes of the same fabric, gives an effect that is light and rather pretty. Muslin ruffles tipped with marabout, and bows of chiffon edged along every fold with rose petals or the smaller flowers, are to be adjuncts to these light and summery toques when the weather allows of such airiness.

The illustrations show cloth dresses; the one trimmed with bands of itself laid on and buttoned, and the other braided with light and dark braid; the wide hats are trimmed with velvet, feathers, and "jewelled" ornaments.

NOTES.

Women have "won their spurs" already in local government, and the crowded and influential meeting held last week in the drawing-room of Mr. Hugh Hare's house in Piccadilly was congratulatory as to the share taken by the Women's Local Government Society in aiding the general success. The object of the society on its foundation has not yet been attained, for it was founded when a legal decision deprived Lady Sandhurst, Miss Cobden, and Miss Cons of the seats on the London County Council to which the electors had returned them, in order to obtain an alteration in that law so as to enable women to take their seats on County Councils. The London County Council, which had practical proof in the period that the three ladies sat upon it of the value of the services they could render, has repeatedly petitioned Parliament to pass a short amending Act to allow women to sit when the electors prefer them to men candidates as representatives; but no Government has yet found time to comply with this request. The Women's Local Government Society, besides urging such an amendment of County Council electoral law, has done much collateral work, such as helping to bring the English and the Irish Local Government Acts into line with the society's views in course of their passage through Parliament, and as urging the right of local authorities to appoint women to certain offices when they wish. The society has now an opportunity for its exertions in the new Government of London Bill. Women may sit on the London vestries as already constituted, but the new idea is to transform these vestries into so many municipalities, with mayors, aldermen, and councillors all complete; and as at present it is the law that women cannot be members of municipal corporations, it would result from the passing of this Act that the London local bodies would lose the services of women. One of the present vestrywomen, Miss Alice Busk, of St. George's Vestry, Southwark, gave the meeting an interesting account of the work done by herself and her one lady colleague, telling how they had provided for the temporary accommodation of families during the disinfection of houses when needed, with the result of abolishing the once violent opposition of the poor people of the district to the salutary provisions of the law, and so on. The Countess of Aberdeen presided (it was, of course, just prior to the death of her sister, Lady Ridley), and the other speakers included Mr. Channing, M.P., Mr. Walter McLaren, and Mr. William Johnstone, M.P.

Last week I quoted from two documents officially sent me as issued by the organising committee and the vice-president of the congress of men and women that is called the International Congress of Women. I quoted accurately a statement that no Englishwomen were to be allowed, in the exact words of the documents, "to read a paper or participate in discussions," except those who are members of some society affiliated to the National Union of Women Workers. The secretary of the committee of arrangements now writes to me that these words in their own documents are "a misprint." Well! I am not responsible for their putting forth such a remarkable misprint. But if the Congress is freed from this narrow limitation and is to be open to all women of an adequate intellectual standing, no doubt Lady Aberdeen, the President, will take care that a hearing is offered to women of all shades of opinion, and is not confined to Churchwomen and their charitable undertakings.

Miss Anna Swanwick, who was one of the pioneer and earliest "learned women" of the Victorian era, is to receive

the tardy recognition of an honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen. Miss Swanwick is in her eighty-fifth year, and her works, the best known of which are her translations of *Æschylus* from the Greek, and Goethe from the German, were of course executed many years ago. Miss Swanwick was a woman of means, and gave liberally to the foundation of the earliest institutions for affording to other girls the education that had been such a source of pleasure to herself; Bedford College, Queen's College, Girton, and others shared in her benefactions. It is well that she has lived to see women so largely admitted to seats of learning, and to receive herself a belated recognition from a University. The nearest precedent for so late-given an honour for long-past achievements is the electing Miss Caroline Herschel to an honorary membership of the Royal Astronomical Society when she was seventy years old. The Royal Astronomical Society gave an explanation in the Council's report that this honour, so long deserved beyond any question, had only then been conferred because the Council had always previously felt that "it had no right to place a lady in a position the propriety of which might be questioned," but as it is at length felt that there was no danger of "such a difference of opinion now taking place among men whose views could guide society at large," they had concluded that "sex should no longer be an obstacle to her receiving acknowledgments that would be held due to a man of equal astronomical achievements."

Crowds attended the Cookery Exhibition at the Imperial Institute, and many interesting novelties were shown. The classes of girls and boys at work cooking gave one some hope for the future of domestic service. It was amusing to note how business-like the boys were, and I wondered if we shall live to see, in this topsy-turvyish age, the day when young men will undertake the domestic plain cooking that girls of the working-class are allowing to slip out of their hands because they either cannot, or will not, learn how to do it. Of course, everybody who can afford a chef employs a man-cook now, but they are all such highly skilled gentry that the average well-to-do middle-class family cannot dream of having such service. But all these boys who seem so interested in their porridge and their stew and their pudding-making—would it not be possible to make some of these into practical cooks for human nature's daily food? The soldier cooks, the sailor cooks, the Arab and the Indian cooks, all seen at work, increase the impression

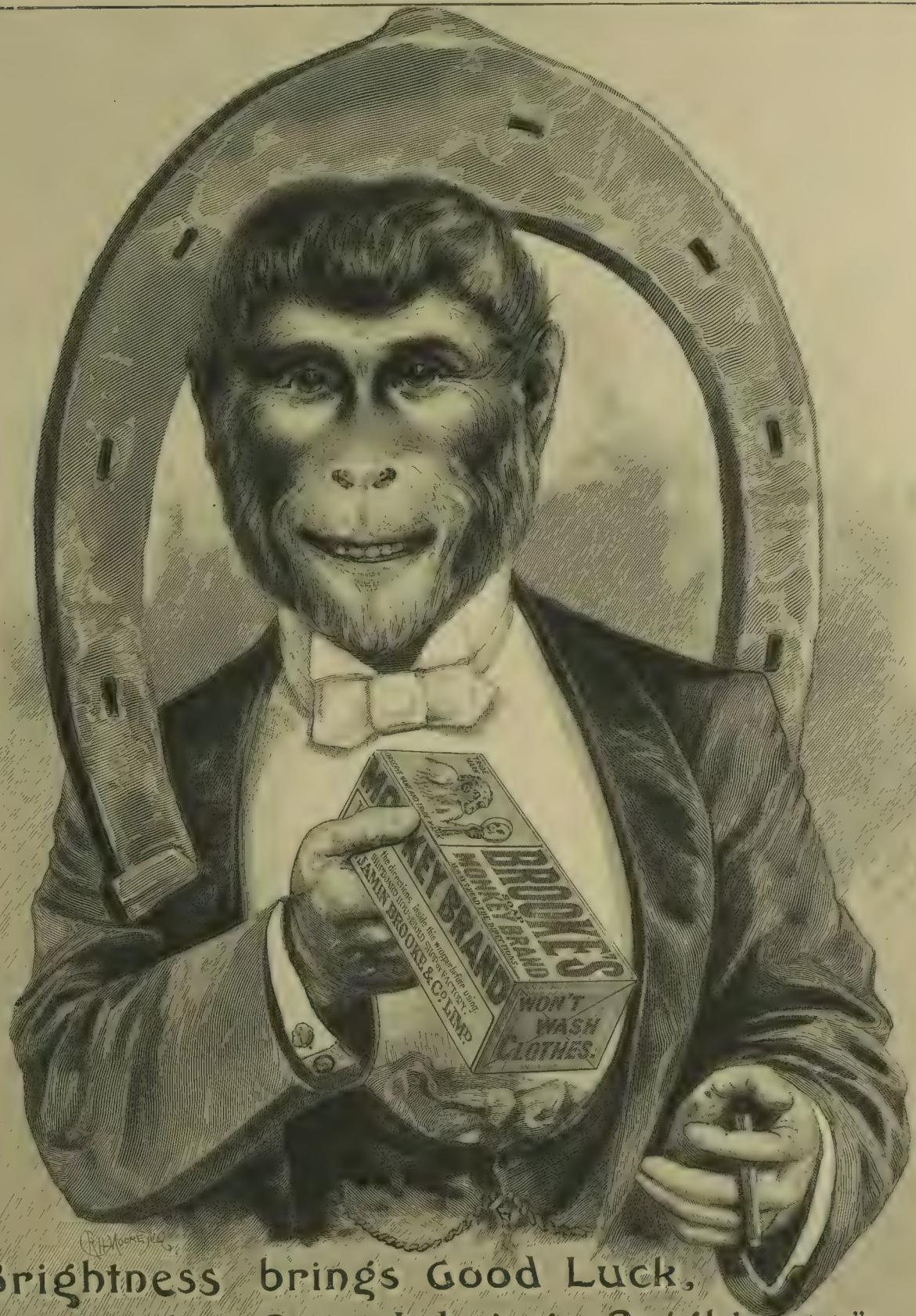


AN ELEGANT CLOTH DRESS.

that it may be in this direction that the mistress, harassed by abounding incompetence and impertinence in the cook of her own sex, may find her ultimate help. Why should not the heads of the Corps of Commissionaires adopt this hint?

Many novelties were incidentally to be seen, such as a table showing the whole dinner menu of a great ocean steamer of the "Union" line; and, in strong contrast, the dietary allowed to prisoners in each of the Continental states. Preserved and condensed provisions in immense variety served chiefly further to indicate the incompetence of the average cook of to-day.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated Dec. 24, 1891), and two other codicils (dated Sept. 19, 1895, and July 3, 1896), of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph William Chitty, Lord Justice of Appeal, of 33, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W., who died on Feb. 15, were proved on March 15 by Arthur John Chitty and Joseph Henry Pollock Chitty, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £159,704. Having given £6000 each to his three sons, he gives £6000 each to his daughters, Helena Louisa and Jessie Eliza; £1000 and his furniture and household effects to his wife, Dame Clara Jessie Chitty; £50 each to his daughters-in-law, Gertrude, Adèle, and Mabel; £25 each to his nephews, Thomas Willes Chitty and James Martin Chitty; £275 to his niece, Mrs. Du Vernet, and £250 to her husband, Colonel Du Vernet; £20 each to his friends, Dr. James Hornby, the Rev. James Aitkin, Henry S. Bryant, Edward Bromley, and William Oliver Meade King; 200 guineas to his clerk, Henry David Pearce, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then between his five children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 18, 1892), with three codicils (dated June 1, 1894, Jan. 29, 1896, and March 9, 1898), of the Rev. Bartholomew Price, D.D., F.R.S., Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Sedleian Professor of Natural Philosophy, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on March 14 by William Arthur Price, the son, Mary Eliza Mabel Price, the daughter, and Arthur Rokeby Price, the executors, the value of the estate being £98,326. The testator gives £500, his household furniture and domestic effects, the use of his house, 11, St. Giles, Oxford, and such an annual sum as, with the income of her marriage settlement and from his real estate, will make up an annuity of £2000, to his wife, Mrs. Amy Eliza Price; an annuity of £100 to his sisters Harriet and Charlotte Sophia Price, and the survivor of them; £50 each to his executors and £10 each to his grandchildren. He devises his freehold premises, 60, Ludgate Hill, and his real estate at Wallingford and Coln St. Dennis, to his wife, for life, and then to his son William Arthur. At the decease of Mrs. Price he bequeaths £2000 to his son Bartholomew George Price, and his plate to his two sons. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1897), with a codicil (dated March 17, 1897), of George William Henry, seventh Baron Vernon, of Kinderton, Chester, and Sudbury Hall, Derby, formerly Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and for many years M.P. for Lichfield, who died on Dec. 15, at Bournemouth, was proved on March 10 by Frederick Henry Anson and the Rev. Frederick Tufnell, the executors, the value of the estate being £81,700. The testator gives £40,000 to his younger children; £3000 to his sister, the Hon. Adela Anson; £500 each to his executors; £500 to his butler, John Mays; and £200 to Katherine Major. The residue of his property he leaves to his eldest son.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1897) of Mr. Edwin Henry Booth, J.P., of Avenham Tower, Preston, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on Feb. 15 at the Lancaster District

Registry by John Booth, Frederick Booth, and Edward Ernest Booth, the sons, and Robert Walker Ascrott, the executors, the value of the estate being £69,975. The testator gives £1000 and his household furniture, carriages, and horses to his wife, Mrs. Susannah Booth; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then, upon further trusts, for his seven children, Mrs. Susan Elizabeth Cottrill, Mrs. Josephine Harold, Beatrice Mary Booth, John Booth, Frederick Booth, Edward Ernest Booth, and Edwin Henry Booth, equally.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1896), with a codicil (dated Nov. 19, 1898), of Sir Frederick Henry Sykes, Bart., of Westfield, Purley, Reigate, and formerly of Holcombe House, Dawlish, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on March 10 by Dame Caroline Sykes, the widow, and Baron Henniker, the executors, the value of the estate being £47,060. The testator gives £1000 to his wife; £100 each to his brother, Captain Henry Sykes, and his daughter Blanche, to Lord Henniker, to his niece Blanche Sykes and his cousin Edna Sykes; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and then to his daughters Caroline Eva Henrietta and Violet Ann May.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1898), with two codicils (dated Nov. 2, 1898, and Jan. 5, 1899), of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Clare Ford, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., of 17, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, who died in Paris on Jan. 31, was proved on March 11 by his sons Captain Richard Ford and John Gorman Ford and Richard Woolcombe, the executors, the value of the estate being £35,059. The testator gives his London and South-Western Railway Consolidated Stock to his son John; £5430 to his son Richard; and the use, for life, of his furniture and household effects to Mrs. Mary Ford, the widow of his father. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property between his two sons.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1898) of Mr. William Lomas, of Cross Deep Hall, Twickenham, late Secretary of Inland Revenue, who died on Feb. 11, was proved on March 7 by Alfred Lomas, the son, Eliza Lomas, the daughter, William Henry Cousins, C.B., and William Holroyd Price, the executors, the value of the estate being £32,684. The testator gives £200 to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Ann Lomas; £100 each to W. H. Cousins and W. H. Price, and £20 each to his son Alfred and his daughter Eliza. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her decease he bequeaths his furniture and household effects to his daughters Eliza and Lucy, and the survivor of them; to his son a sum equal to that payable to either of his daughters under his marriage settlement; and the ultimate residue equally between his three children.

The Irish letters of administration, with the will annexed, of Thomas Charles, Earl of Clonmell, of Bishopscourt, Straffan, Kildare, who died on June 18 last, granted to Lady Maria Henrietta Fitzclarence, the sister, and one of the next-of-kin, were resealed in London on March 14, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being

£30,926. By his will he gave his household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £300, to his wife, and left the residue of his property to his brother, the fourth Earl, but they both predeceased him.

The Irish probate of the will (dated April 10, 1879), with a codicil (dated Feb. 19, 1891), of Mr. Edmund Kelly Bayley, J.P., D.L., ex-Sheriff of London, of Arnolds, Holmwood, Surrey, and Rookwood, Galway, who died on Dec. 3, granted to Mrs. Catherine Mary Bayley, the widow and sole executrix, was resealed in London on March 11, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £27,499. Under the powers of the will of Mrs. Sarah Kelly, he appoints certain land and premises in Ireland, upon trust, for his eldest son. He leaves all his property to his wife, and states that he makes no provision for his children, as they have already been provided for by his deceased brother, Robert Preston Bayley.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Feb. 23, 1897), with a codicil (dated April 10, 1897), of Mr. Francis Travers Dames-Longworth, Q.C., Lord Lieutenant of County Westmeath, of Glynnwood, Athlone, who died on Dec. 3 last, granted to Edward Travers Dames-Longworth, the son and sole executor, was resealed in London on March 13, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £24,608. He bequeaths £1000 to his daughter May Owen; £500 to his friend Richard Talbot; £300 to his servant Bridget Eiffe; £100 to Anna Maria Hickey; and one year's wages to each of his other servants. He charges his estates with the payment of £20,000 to his son Frank; and appoints his son Edward his residuary devisee and legatee.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1889), with a codicil (dated June 9, 1892), of Mr. Thomas Spinks, Q.C., D.C.L., of Claverhouse, Upper Sydenham, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on March 9 by Mrs. Louisa Marianne Spinks, the widow and executrix, the value of the estate being £21,328. The testator gives £500 each to his children Frederick William, Kathleen Louisa, and Lilian Charlotte Maria; the income of a mortgage debt of £1000 to his sister, Mrs. Amelia Bayliss; the income of certain funds of the Eastern Bengal Railway to his sister, Harriet Spinks; and legacies of ten guineas each to relatives and friends. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Elizabeth Biddulph, of 31, Eaton Place, widow, who died on Jan. 25, have been proved by the sons, Michael Biddulph and George Tourney Biddulph, the executors, the value of the estate being £7197.

The will of Mr. William Taylor, of 30, Plymouth Avenue, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, who died on Feb. 3, was proved on March 10 by Mrs. Sarah Anne Taylor, the widow, Miss Dinah Taylor, the daughter, Frederick Richmond Duxbury, and Peter Edwin Ingham, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,695.

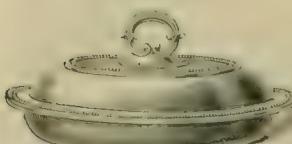
The will of the Rev. Joseph Walker, of The Rectory, Great Billing, Northampton, who died on Jan. 4, has been proved by Captain Alexander Bell, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £3872.

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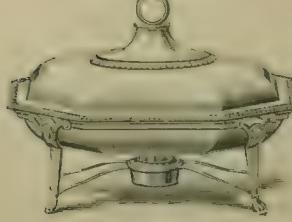
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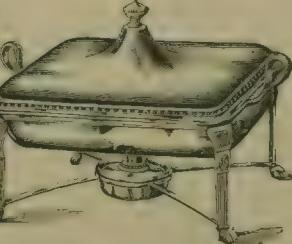
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Case of 6, 12/-, post free.*"The enjoyment of the Finest Perfumes in the World rests on the power of the memory to carry these two watchwords only, "4711" for Eau de Cologne, and "MÜLHENS" for every other Perfume."*

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MÜLHENS' 4711 DÉPÔT, 62, NEW BOND STREET, W.

A Corset of sterling worth in aiding and beautifying the figure.

**CORSET SYLPHIDE.**In fine Coutille, black or white, with extra busk, 14/9.
In Plain Satin, Newest Shades, with extra busk, 23/6.

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PETER ROBINSON,
OXFORD ST.

Mappin & Webb's
 (Ltd.)

FITTED DRESSING BAGS.Illustrated Price List of
100 Varieties Post Free.

The "Trouville" Bag, in finest Morocco Leather, completely fitted with richly chased Sterling Silver Requisites, as illustrated, £26 5s.

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(Facing the Mansion House).

MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of the special cheap excursion tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, March 25, and April 1, to the south will be extended to cover up to and including Wednesday, April 5. Special Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday, May 1, tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe. To Caen for Normandy and Brittany, special cheap tickets will be issued on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, March 29 and 30, and April 1, available for return on the following Monday, Wednesday, or Friday. On Thursday, March 30, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, the principal cities of France, and the Channel ports of Normandy, via Dieppe and Boulogne, will be run from London on the special day express service, and on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, March 29 to April 3, inclusive, by the night express service. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday and Monday, day trips at excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Milford, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Le Havre, Tonbridge, Wells, Scunton, Eastbourne, Beachhill, St Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings, Tunbridge, Tunbridge Wells, and Tunbridge, and that by the Newhaven, Deal, and Folkestone routes. From April 1 to April 10, contract trains connecting Southwark with Normandy and the cities of the Seine, a special four-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the special express day service on Thursday morning, March 30, and also by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings, March 29 to April 3, inclusive. To ensure punctuality of all cheap excursion trains and steamers will be run as required by the train. Cheap return tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany will also be issued from London on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, March 29 and 30 and April 1.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain information or procure tickets by land and sea, avoiding delay and trouble at the Waterloo and other railway stations, the London and South Western Railway Company will have open their offices, in the Central Office, 10, Strand, Fleet Street, Bowldings, Charing Cross; the West-Land Office, 9, Broad Street, Piccadilly; General Messrs. Layton Brothers, 6, Old Bailey, and 10, Pall Mall, till 10 p.m. Tickets may be procured and every information obtained at any of the Company's offices and London receiving houses. Particulars may

also be obtained from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station. The Company will issue cheap third-class tickets for all principal stations from London on Thursday, March 30, and subsequent days, up to and including April 5, inclusive, to return up to and including April 5. A special ticket has been arranged to the Channel Islands. Cheap tickets, 2½d., third class. Cheap excursions will run from Waterloo as follows, on Thursday, March 30, at 8 a.m. for Andover, Southampton, Bideford, Exeter, and Wells, Barnstaple, Bideford, etc.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

In visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the Great Eastern Railway offers a Host of attractions. Special fares and exceptional rates of travel. Four excursions leaving London in the evening and the Northumbrian and Midland counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. On the Hook of Holland through carriages run to Cologne, Bielefeld, and Berlin, reaching Cologne noon, Bielefeld and Berlin in the evening. Restaurant cars can also run on the North and South German Express trains to and from the Hook of Holland. Special cheap tickets have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels, for the Field of Waterloo.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Cheap excursion trains will run as follows—On Tuesday, March 29, to London, by direct steamer, returning within sixteen days as per sailing bill. On Wednesday, March 30, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, etc., via Morecambe and via Liverpool, returning any day within sixteen days. On Wednesday, March 29, to Belfast, via Londonderry, Portrush, etc., via Barrow and Ulster, returning any day. Special steamers will be run from London to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Burton, Derby, Manchester, Blackburn, Bolton, and other leading towns in the North. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 30, and April 1, from London to St. Peter's, to the musical holiday and pleasure resort of the Lake District, via Keswick, Derwentwater, Keswick, and Windermere, via Ambleside, Southend, and Kendal, available to return on any day up to April 1. Special week-end and day excursion tickets will also be issued to Southend-on-Sea during the Easter holidays, for particulars of which see special bills.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Ordinary as well as excursion tickets will be issued at their City and West-End offices—namely, 193 and 407, Oxford Street, W., 181, Tottenham Court Road, W., 53, New Oxford Street, W.C., etc. Cheap fares and reduced fares and a special rate of travel will be issued on March 29, April 1, 2, or 3, will be issued from London to Bath, Bristol, Minehead, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, Newquay, Dorchester, Weymouth, and certain other stations in the south and west of England. On Tuesday, March 29, an excursion allowing a fortnight, will be run to Killarney (via Cork). On Wednesday, March 30, excursions allowing a fortnight in Ireland, will be run to Waterford, Limerick, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, etc. On Thursday, March 31, an excursion for Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Minehead, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Plymouth, Bodmin, Penzance, etc., reaching Exeter in 5½ hours, and Plymouth in 7½ hours, will leave Paddington at 8 a.m.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM AND DOVER RAILWAYS.

These companies announce cheap day excursions on Good Friday and Easter Monday, from London to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Dover, Walmer, Ramsgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Hythe, Sandgate, Folkestone, Dover, Aldershot, Gravesend, Rochester, Gillingham, Sheerness, etc. On Easter Monday, frequent semi-fast and ordinary trains will run to and from Dover, Victoria, Deal, St. Paul's, and intermediate stations, and the Crystal Palace High Level Station. Return fare is 6d., single, not including admission. Special trains will run to Canterbury, Margate, Broadstairs, Gillingham, and the Royal-Yacht Gardens, etc. During the holidays certain trains will be withdrawn or altered. The usual extension of time for certain return tickets during the holidays will be allowed. A cheap trip to Wednesday evenings on Dover Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 2½ p.m. for Boulogne, and 9 p.m. for Calais on Thursday, March 30, and from Charing Cross, Victoria, Cannon Street, and Holborn at 9 a.m. for Calais on Friday, March 31, returning on 12.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. on the following Thursday morning. A cheap Sunday to Monday excursion leaves Charing Cross, Victoria, Cannon Street, and Chancery Street at 9 a.m. on Saturday, April 1, for Calais, and Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 2.15 p.m. for Boulogne, available to return up to the 7.30 p.m. boat from Boulogne on East Monday, or 1.30 a.m. boat from Calais on the following Tuesday morning.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.

£10.—In return for £10 NOTE,
free and safe postage. LADY'S GOLD
KEYLESS WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in
three positions. Case made of 18-carat gold, with Monogram,
highly enamelled. Free and safe per post.
SIR JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.
GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
Illustrated Catalogues free.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH
WATCH. A fine 18-carat English
Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balanced crystal glass.
The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. A LEAPING GOLD CHAIN AND JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
SIR JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

FIRST
in 1888,
FOREMOST
ever since. DUNLOP TYRES
“ALL ABOUT DUNLOP
TYRES for 1899,” sent gratis
and post free on application.

The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., Ltd., Alma St., Coventry.

160 to 168, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

BRANCHES—BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON, NOTTINGHAM, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, DUBLIN, &c.

GOLD MEDAL,
Health Exhibition, London.

“Benger's Food” has, by its
excellence, established
a reputation of
its own.”

BENCER'S
FOOD FOR
INFANTS,
INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

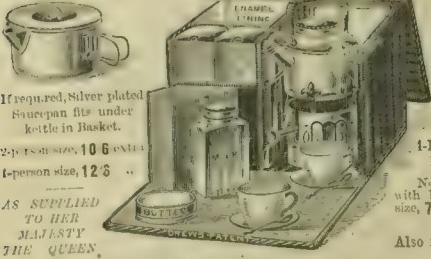
Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.

“Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable.”—LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

Benger's Food is sold in TINS by Chemists, &c., Everywhere.

DREW & SONS. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

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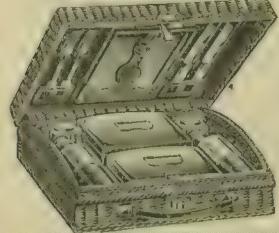
If required, Silver plated
Sugarpan fits under
kettle in Basket.

2-Person size, 10 6d.
1-person size, 12 6d.

AS SUPPLIED
TO HER
MAJESTY
THE QUEEN.

The “EN ROUTE” TEA BASKET forms a Handsome and really Useful Wedding Present.

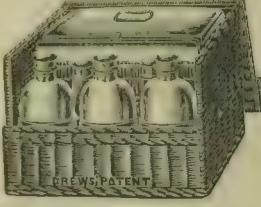
A DAINTY LUNCHEON BASKET.
New Design; very Flat and Light.



Made of finest Buff Wicker; Double Action Nickel Lock; Leather Handle. Size 14 in. long, 12 in. wide, 6 in. deep. All fittings of the best workmanship, and heavily Silver plated. Price 22 10s.

DREW & SONS (Actual)
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PATENT & FITTED CASES.

New Design LUNCHEON BASKET, with
Patent Fall-back Lid, for attaching to Railway Carrage door.



DREW'S New
Catalogue of Tea and
Luncheon Baskets
of their own Patent
Manufacture
forwarded on applica-
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Cheques should
accompany Orders
by Post.

Small, compact, and exceptionally light; strap-
handle on top; fittings of best quality, sprung
out and well Silver plated; Silver-plated
Drinking Cups. Size of Basket 10 in. long, 9 in.
wide, 7 in. deep. Price, £2, 12s.

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At Maker's Cash Prices,
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Saving.

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In HALF-HOOP, MARQUISE, GIPSY,
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OF FINEST QUALITY.

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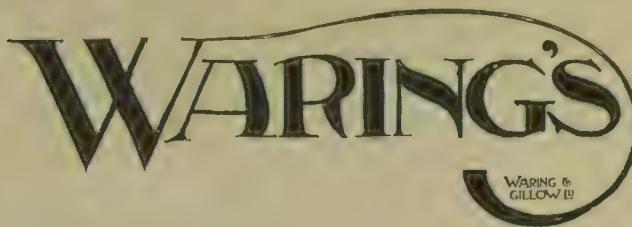
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175-181, OXFORD ST., W.
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**Great Show of Carpets,
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In Special Artistic Designs.
Quality Guaranteed,
At the Lowest Prices.**



THE ORLEANS,
AN ALL-WOOL SEAMLESS
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THE COST.
CHARMING LOUIS XVI. DESIGN,
FOR BOUDOIRS, BED-ROOMS,
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SPECIMEN SIZES AND PRICES:
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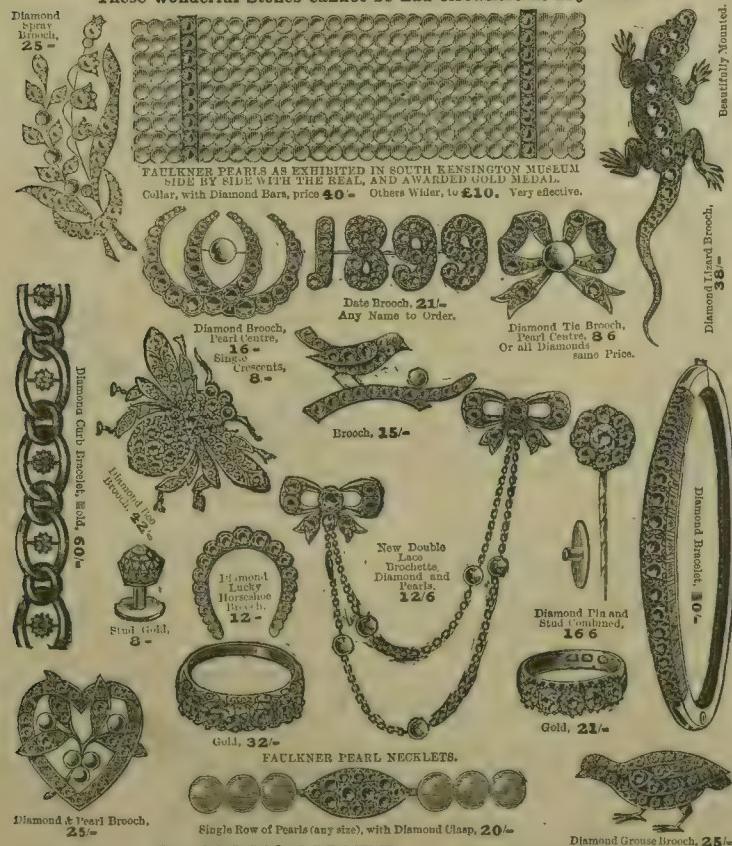
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FAULKNER DIAMONDS AND PEARLS, REGISTERED.

SET IN REAL GOLD AND SILVER. CATALOGUE FREE.

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These wonderful Stones cannot be had elsewhere at any Price.



Only } A. FAULKNER (Manufacturing Jeweller),
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AVOID INFLUENZA

by bracing up the system with Liebig Company's Extract of Beef. A cup of strong Beef Tea can be quickly prepared with the aid of a little boiling water, and this is the very thing required to fortify the system and enable you to throw off the infection.

Liebig Company's Extract is invaluable in Cold Weather, and unrivalled as a Stimulant. It keeps the healthy well, and strengthens Invalids.

Sixteen Breakfast Cups of strengthening, sustaining Beef Tea in a 2-oz. Jar.

Every Jar Signed



MIND IT HAS THIS SIGNATURE.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.



Yes, Sir !!

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MUSIC.

The National Grand Opera Company we notice that the name has been somewhat baffling to certain critics: let them think of the Grand National and reverse—did quite a fine thing on the Monday of last week in presenting to a London audience a very decent interpretation of "Don Giovanni." Readers will remember how, last year, all the resources of Covent Garden were expended upon the production of a version of this opera which resulted in a perfect fiasco. It is a work which should quickly pass—should quickly go; and it was here ruined by interminable delays and by a monstrous scenic perversion. It was a pity; but not even Renaud, Edouard de Reszke, Nordica, and Bonnard availed to save it from disaster irreparable on this occasion. There were some who went so far as to whisper that it was less the fault of the way it was "faged" than of the opera, which was unsuitable to modern stage methods.

Of course that was all nonsense. Kennington, even Kennington, proved last week, at the hands of the N.G.O. Company, that it is possible, by the aid of a little frank sacrifice, to present Mozart with a measure of dignity and vitality worthy of respect. It is true that the sacrifice had to be made. "Don Giovanni" is an extremely difficult opera to mount with any approach to perfection. At Munich, indeed, something very like perfection is reached; but Munich has vast and extraordinary resources, and the comparison is unfair, of course. Where impossibilities were asked, they were not clumsily attempted in this suburban performance; they were openly passed by,

and what was done was done exceedingly well. Mr. Alec Marsh's Don was perhaps not extremely interesting. He had the gesture and the manner, but his voice was not in very good form. Miss Alice Esty's Donna Anna, again, was very well sung; the Zerlina was pretty and interesting, and Mr. Robert Cunningham's Don Ottavio was interesting from the vocal standpoint. More can never be said about that unfortunate part. Altogether, a most creditable production.

Sir Frederick Bridge announces the engrossing fact that the Good Friday performance of "The Messiah," at the Albert Hall, will be given without the Mozart accompaniments once more, and as nearly as possible as Handel wrote it. When it was first performed so, we made no hesitation in praising the conductor of the Royal Choral Society for the pluck and skill with which he had accomplished his scheme and carried it through to a complete success, thus giving the work in a pure form for the first time in London since some early date at the beginning of this century. When we had said so much, a somewhat inevitable correspondent steps in and makes a somewhat supercilious protest.

"Honour to whom honour is due," says this writer practically. "The work was produced some years back at Dublin; so you see, this is not the first time that it has been given in its unadulterated form in the British Isles since the beginning of this century." Well, let there be honour where honour is due; and we therefore repeat that Sir Frederick Bridge deserves so much for his London work. Moreover, consider how quickly the conservatism of the

Albert Hall has grown, and how difficult a feat it is, therefore, to break through such a tradition as this and establish a new rule, a new convention, and you will understand that he has really done something well worthy of praise, something extremely meritorious. At the same time, let us give all credit to Dublin, merely remarking that here it was a question of returning to the oldest tradition of all, seeing that "The Messiah" was first produced by Handel himself in that city.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

From the statistics published in the Year-Book of the Church the Record draws the conclusion that the Church of England is losing ground. Infant baptisms show a distinct fall, despite the steady increase of the population. The advance in the estimated number of communicants is smaller than in some recent years. The communicants' classes, whether for men or women, show a loss. The Sunday-school figures show advance, but the membership of Bible-classes decreases. The temperance work seems to be in a condition of decay, the number of abstainers having fallen steadily for years. Spiritual work among men has lost ground, voluntary work by men and women has few supporters, while the paid staff increases. The number of candidates for holy orders steadily diminishes.

There seems some probability of an alliance between the Evangelicals and the Broad Churchmen as against Ritualism. The Dean of Wells says that the alliance is even

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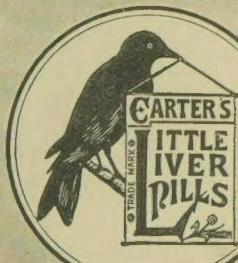
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now accomplished, and points out that on the committee of the new College School for Graduates at Birmingham, Churchmen like the Dean of Wells and Professor Ryle on one side co-operate with Churchmen like Dr. Moule and Dr. Barlow on the other. Canon Bonney says that he has changed none of his views as to Biblical criticism, as to science and its province, and the progressive character of revelation; and that the Evangelicals have been actively hostile to these opinions. He is, however, willing to work for the principles of the Reformation. He is of opinion that the gravity of the present crisis cannot be exaggerated, and does not share the optimistic views entertained in some quarters. It is for the Evangelicals to make the advance, but Canon Bonney thinks that the suggested alliance is the one thing to be desired. Other eminent Broad Churchmen support the position. The Evangelicals, however, seem to

show no disposition to co-operate with Nonconformists, as Nonconformists distinctly demand disendowment.

The annual meetings of the Free Church Council have been held at Liverpool. The most important and significant part of the proceedings were the speeches and resolutions upon the question of education. It is evident that Nonconformists have greatly resented Sir John Gorst's action in the House of Commons. It is seriously proposed that unless attention is paid to their grievances Nonconformist children should be called upon to withdraw from the Church schools, and the State be asked to make other provision for them. A committee has been appointed to consider a line of action.

Much interest has been excited by the publication of the history of the Church Missionary Society. It has been

written, and thoroughly well written, by Mr. Eugene Stock, the secretary. The books are full of curious stories. It is said that Mr. Gladstone withdrew in 1850 from the Church Missionary Society because it issued a little missionary map of the world in which the Roman and the Greek Churches were represented by the same shade. The former he thought might well be dark, but the latter should be much lighter. The secretary earnestly pointed out the narrow-mindedness of discarding a great work for a cause so small, but Mr. Gladstone was inexorable, and from that time ceased to subscribe to the society.

It is said that Sir William Vernon Harcourt was present when a solemn Te Deum was sung at St. Peter's, Rome, as an act of thanksgiving for the miraculous recovery of the Pope.

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D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Victor H. Collis, Esq., W. Page Wood stated before the Committee of the Royal Society of Medicine that Mr. J. Collis Brown had invented Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1898.

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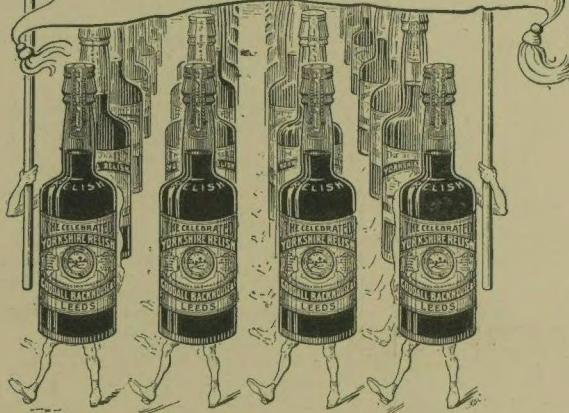
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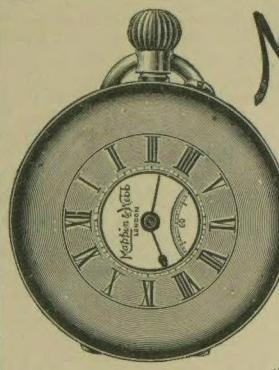
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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I quote from a favourite contemporary, the *Globe*, of the 17th inst.: "At one Peace meeting last night Archdeacon Thornton declared that the tendency of humanity was towards peace, and a voice cried out from the audience, 'What about the Soudan?' To which the Archdeacon replied, 'I am afraid I am personally interested in the Soudan—the Sirdar happens to be my cousin.' It was a pardonable conceit. If Lord Kitchener had been any other person's 'cousin' the Archdeacon would have buckled on the whole armour of the true Peace Crusader."

There is nothing new under the sun—whether in fiction or in reality. Balzac declared that the whole of the stock-in-trade of the world's novelists consisted of seven stories, and that the most startlingly original romance, when carefully examined, would turn out to be based upon one of those seven apogees. And in fact, when I came carefully to consider the short and friendly passage of words between Archdeacon Thornton and his interlocutor, I was almost immediately reminded of a little skit written more than a century ago by Rivarol, the foremost and, I might say, the matchless pamphleteer of the Great Revolution. The scene is laid in the Elysian Fields. "Your greatest and most ardent wish when you were on earth was the equality of all men," says a lesser shade to that of Voltaire. "Yes," replies the latter. "Are you aware that in order to realise that wished-for state of affairs there has been a most terrible and bloody Revolution?" "Never mind," is the answer, "as long as the wished-for state of affairs is being realised." "Are you also aware that the son of your bitterest enemy—of no less a person than Fréron—has been made Proconsul, and that in order to effect all this he has been devastating province after province?" "What a horror—the son of that scoundrel!"

There is all the difference between appealing to men's general ideas on a subject and appealing to their personal interest and passions. Mr. Stead is not the first journalist who has started a crusade in favour of universal peace. Emile de Girardin, who, with all due deference to the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, was probably as highly educated a littérateur as, and unquestionably a man of much larger views than, Mr. Stead, wrote a few years before the outbreak of the Franco-German War in a similar strain about the wickedness and heinous sin of pitting people against each other for quarrels not of their own making.

By some curious bit of journalistic luck, I happen to have some extracts from the article in question by me. I reproduce them *verbatim*, though not in the "epileptic" paragraphs as they appeared: "War is murder. War is robbery. It is both murder and robbery taught by Governments to their peoples. It is both murder and robbery emblazoned, dignified, and crowned. It is murder and robbery. It is murder and robbery withdrawn from their just punishment on the scaffold by the stonemasons, sculptors, and statuarys of the Triumphal Arch in the Champs Elysées. It is murder and robbery *minus* the punishment and the disgrace, and *plus* the impunity and the glory. It is legal inconsistency, for it is society decreeing a thing which at ordinary times it prohibits, and forbidding what it orders; it is society glorifying what it condemns and spurns, and spurning what it glorifies—the fact being the same, and the name only being changed."

My translation limps, I have no doubt, but imperfect as it is, the reader will not find one word to which to object in the indictment. Well, towards the latter days of July 1870 there was a grand performance at the Opera House in the Rue Le Peletier. As yet, there was no question of defending the sacred soil of France against the hated and hereditary foe. On the contrary, there was a distinct intention of invading the hereditary foe's territory, which intention was manifested day and night by the cries in the streets of "To Berlin, to Berlin!" The Parisians were apparently parched with an unquenchable thirst for conquest. The sound of "The Marseillaise" made one's life a burden, and the name and memory of Rouget de l'Isle were cursed both loud and deep by those who wanted a few hours' rest at night.

On the evening of the performance in question M. Faure, the great baritone, made his entrance, and advancing gracefully to the footlights, intoned the National Hymn as perhaps it had never been intoned before, as it has never been intoned since. "I saw men who without wincing draw another card at baccarat, when they had already made five points, weep like children," said an eyewitness. And what that means only those who have drawn at five points at baccarat know. Suddenly, after the first strope of the hymn, a stentorian voice resounded through the House. "Stand up and hats off!" it roared. And the audience, as one man, did what it was told. The man who had produced the electrical effect was Emile de Girardin.

It is many years since I read "The Battle of Dorking." I advise all those who prate about universal peace to read it from beginning to end, and to imagine, if their imagination be capable of such an effort, that the calamity foreshadowed in it is impending. Let them engage at the same time a good band, military by preference, to play under their windows, while they are reading, two tunes—namely, "God Save the Queen" and "Rule, Britannia!" If after having faced that dual ordeal for four-and-twenty hours they can still prate about universal peace, they had better be handed over to a Master in Lunacy, for they are too sane to remain among patriotic Englishmen, who prefer "the rowdyism of that madman, Rudyard Kipling," as Mr. Felix Adler, of New York, and not the Rev. Dr. Adler, expressed it the other day.

Mr. Birt, the absconded chairman and managing director of the Millwall Dock Company, was apprehended by the police on March 16, at lodgings in Barnsbury, Islington, where he had been hiding since Feb. 8, under a false name. He is remanded by the police magistrates.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E. S. FORD (Highbury).—In your solution of No. 2863, that Black play K to Q 4th, there is no mate next move. Try J. M. Brown, Brudenell Road, Hyde Park, for the book in question.

S. SURAMANIA IYER (Emgore, Madras).—"The Chess Problem," edited by C. Planck, and published by Cassell & Co., is the book you probably require. We are not aware of the price; it was something between £2s. 6d. and £3.

C. W. (Sunbury).—Thanks for problem duly to hand.
W. FINLAYSON.—Your two-move problem is correct, and shall appear. The one in three is "cooked" by L. T. to K Q sq (ch), etc.
MRS. REGINALD H. BIRKETT (West Brighton).—Your last contribution shall receive our careful attention.

ALFRED BERMAN (Vienna).—To hand, with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2867 AND 2868 received from G. STILLING-DEE (London); C. E. M. GILBERT (Glasgow); P. DALBY, J. F. MORSE (New York); and B. ARMAND DE ROSET (Marseilles) of No. 2867; and from F. B. FORD (Newark); DR. WALTZ (Heidelberg); SHADFORTH, and JACOB VERNALL (Rodmell); of No. 2868 from A. E. J. C. CARPENTER (Liverpool); J. D. TUCKER (Likely); F. GLANVILLE, C. E. M. (Glasgow); A. H. F. DUNCAN, HORACE ROSS (Wilmaul), MRS. REGINALD H. BIRKETT (West Brighton), J. BAILEY (Newark); JACOB VERNALL (Rodmell); CAPTAIN J. A. CHALLICE (Great Yarmouth); J. F. MOON, REV. C. R. SOWELL (St. Austell); J. SHEARE (Sheffield), and JAMES T. PALMER (Nelson).

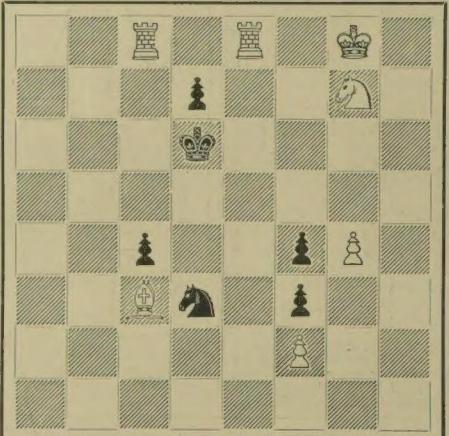
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2864 received from GEORGE STILLING-DEE (London); C. E. M. GILBERT (Glasgow); P. DALBY, J. F. MORSE (New York); and B. ARMAND DE ROSET (Marseilles) of No. 2864; and from F. B. FORD (Cheltenham); C. E. PERINOTTI, H. LE JEUNE, ERIC COLLINS (Battersea); H. S. BRANDRETH (Hyres); MRS. WILSON (Plymouth); J. SHEARE (Sheffield); F. HOOPER (Putney); EDITH CORSE (Reigate); F. J. CANDY (Norwood); G. HAWKINS (Camberwell); R. WORRIES (Canterbury); ALBERT WOLF (Putney), and W. D'A. BARNARD (Uppingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2863.—BY H. BRISTOW.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 7th Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2865.—BY J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CABLE.

Game played in the recent match between England and America.

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Blackburne.)	(Mr. Pillsbury.)	(Mr. Blackburne.)	(Mr. Pillsbury.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	(ch), followed by Q takes R, with a fine chance of a win.	
2. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	32. Q to Q 3rd	
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	33. Kt (R 4) to B 5	K takes Kt
4. P to Q 3rd	B to D 4th	34. Kt to K 3rd	Q to Q 3rd
5. B to K 3rd		35. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
		36. P to R 4th	P to K 5th
		37. Q to B 3rd	Q to K 3rd
		38. P to K 5th	P to K 5th
		39. P takes K P	Q takes K (ch)
		40. Q to B 4th	P takes K P
		41. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q P
		42. K to B 4th	Kt to Q 6th (ch)
		43. K takes P	Kt takes P
		44. Kt to K 3rd	
		45. Kt to B 2nd	Q takes K P
		46. P to K 5th	Kt to B 5th
		47. P takes K	P takes K
		48. P to K 6th	Kt to K 2nd
		49. Kt to Q 5th	Kt to K 5th
		50. Kt to B 4th	Kt to Q 6th (ch)
		51. K to K 5th	Kt to K 6th (ch)
		52. K to B 5th	Kt to K 5th
		53. K to K 6th	Kt to K 5th (ch)
		54. K to K 4th	Kt to Q 5th (ch)
		55. K to R 5th	Kt takes P
		56. K to K 5th	Kt to Q 5th
		57. Kt to R 5th (ch)	K to B 5th
		58. K to B 6th	Kt to B 6th
		59. Kt to B 4th	Kt to R 7th
		60. K to K 5th	Kt to K 4th (ch)
		61. K to K 5th	Kt to K 4th
		62. K to B 6th	Kt to B 2nd (ch)
		63. P takes K	K takes P
		64. K to K 5th	Resigns

White gets his King to B 3rd after this, in a few moves, and Black cannot get through or exchange Pawn for Pawn.

We have received the programme of the London International Tournament to be held in the St. Stephen's Hall, Royal Aquarium, Westminster. The play will commence on April 30, and will continue until finished. The main tournament is a double round system, consisting of twelve games, and the round tournament is open to players not competing in the other. The prizes are as under: double round tournament, first, £250; second, £165; third, £100; fourth, £60; fifth, £55; sixth, £50; seventh, £40; eighth, £30; ninth, £20. Single round tournament, first, £70; second, £50; third, £30; fourth, £20; fifth, £15; sixth, £10; seventh, £5.

Those to whom Apollinaris Water is a grateful refreshment will be pleased to find that it is now sold in "splits" at all the bars and buffets of Spies and Pond.

It would not be difficult to identify the Bishop pointed at in the following story from a Church paper: Protestant Layman to Bishop: "I want, my Lord, to speak quite plainly to you on the present state of the Church; and I wish to speak to you not as to a Bishop, but as to a man." Bishop: "As a man? In that case, I will light a cigarette. May I offer you one?"

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There is no bodily belonging included among our truly personal effects which excites greater interest in a scientific sense than does the liver. When Mr. Malloch wrote his book "Is Life Worth Living?" *Punch* wisely and wittily replied, "That depends on the liver!" And, truth to tell, a good deal of our physical and mental quietude and happiness is dependent on the manner in which the biggest organ in our body discharges its multifarious and complex duties. For its functions are many, and they are complicated as well. It is not a mere maker of bile, as people invariably suppose. That is the result of its work, and not the work of the liver itself. It acts the part, for example, of a filter, and removes from the foods which are swept into it by the blood from the stomach, certain injurious principles which otherwise might, and probably would, poison us in some degree. Then it stores up starch which is conveyed to it in the form of sugar. This starch is, of course, derived from our food. It is first converted into sugar, and in this guise is swept into the liver, where it is stored up as starch. The liver is then supposed to act as a physiological banker, and to pay out the stored-up starch to the body as sugar, this sugar being an important energy-producing food, and probably going primarily to feed our muscles.

Dr. Pavvy, of course, strenuously objects to this latter view of the liver's duties. He holds that the destination of the starch is to make fat—a result we certainly see illustrated, in a diseased sense, in the liver of the unfortunate goose, which is to form the principal item in the manufacture of pâté-de-foie-gras. But Dr. Pavvy, unless I am much mistaken, also regards the liver as a possible maker of nitrogenous matter, a feature of its work confessedly difficult to follow. Then finally comes the work of blood-purification, which the liver-cells are ever exercising on the blood sent through the organ. The bile is the result of this last-named labour, but if it is a waste product in one sense, it is a product which is utilised in the economy of nature, for the bile digests the fats of our food, and accomplishes sundry other useful items in the digestive work. Very important, then, is the liver, and it was significant that the ancients derived the word "melancholy" from the two Greek terms meaning "black bile." They might not have known very much about the functions of the liver, but they were wise in their generation when they attributed a certain very fair proportion of the melancholy of life to the influence of a disordered liver. A bilious man is about the last individual in the world to take a cheerful view of anybody or anything.

My thoughts were directed to the topic of the liver by a little announcement which met my eye regarding the scientific comparison of man's liver with that organ as it is represented in lower life. The liver is the first appendage of the digestive apparatus to appear as we advance from animals of low degree upwards in the scale. It begins as a collection of cells, or as a mass of tubes, and then, later on, as in the crab or the oyster, we find a very large liver developed. I fancy animals that feed in a kind of miscellaneous manner are always to be found well provided with a liver-apparatus, and this principle can be easily understood when we reflect on the intimate relationship which exists between the liver and the food. But when we turn to higher animals, we find a difference in the general build of the liver of man and higher apes, and that of lower quadrupeds. Man's liver is a solid organ marked out into certain divisions or lobes, whereas in the lower animals, the liver exhibits a very much divided structure. The question anatomists have been discussing is whether man's liver corresponds to the whole liver of the lower form, or to the central portion only. The conclusion which is arrived at is one consistent with evolution. Man's liver represents the whole of the lower liver, and not part of it alone. His organ corresponds to the lower liver, with its many divisions, all more or less compactly united.

One proof of this idea is furnished by Professor A. Thomson, of Oxford. On man's liver below are to be seen traces of the much-divided condition of lower life; and if we examine the liver of the gorilla, the divisions are far better seen than in man. Nor is this all. The anatomist is able to give a reason for the alteration of the liver which is thus seen to occur in man and his "poor relations," the higher apes. That reason is found in the erect posture which man alone perfectly assumes, but towards which the higher apes approach. In lower quadrupeds the liver rests on the lower wall of the body, whereas in man and the animals nearest to him the erect posture necessitated a change of the liver's position. It became attached to the roof and hinder part of the abdomen, and it was this process of fixation, and the consequent stability of the liver, which in turn led to the abolition of the divisions seen in lower animals. Again, it is pointed out that the fissures or rents in the liver in lower forms may be explained on a mechanical theory of things. These divisions allow the parts of the liver to move one upon the other as the organ is affected by the movements of breathing. In man's posture such movements do not affect the liver so materially, and hence he has lost the subdivisions that mark the anatomy of the organ lower down in the scale.

A little study of this kind is interesting in its nature, if only for the reason that it teaches us the great lesson that the work of evolution does not affect the living *en masse*, but extends to its separate parts. Indeed, this is a view of matters which requires now and then to be impressed even on scientific minds. We are all apt to regard evolution as a process which simply deals with the living thing *in toto*, whereas it is very clear the general changes which are seen to occur in an animal or plant are really the result of the many subtle modifications it undergoes in all its organs and tissues. Some parts are more modified than others, of course; but where need arises we see how the finger of change modifies here, expands there, and alters again all round, so as to fit the body for the new and higher sphere whereto it is called.